A

WARM REPLY

TO

MR. BURKE'S LETTER.

Had temperance of ſtyle and impartiality of ſelection been more attended to by Mr. BURKE, while we reject his doctrines, we muſt admire his wit. But it is the fate of paſſion to clog reaſon, and an ill-guided zeal will frequently ſuperſede truth

Vide the Sequel.

BY A. MACLEOD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

To ſuch as have attentively peruſed Mr. Burke, I need not remark, that ſome paſſages of this Reply are portraitures of paſſages in his Letter:—In theſe inſtances I have adopted his manner merely to ſhow, wherein his own ſallies may be ſucceſsfully turned againſt him.—Thoſe who have but ſlightly ſkimmed that ſplendid drama, having an opportunity to conſult the original, will, I flatter myſelf, readily diſcover theſe my motives to imitation.

That the paragraphs, ſo pourtrayed, may eaſily be diſtinguiſhed, I have characteriſed them by a * at the beginning and end of each.

THE AUTHOR.

Hampſtead,
19th *March*, 1796.

A

WARM REPLY, &c.

ON a ſubject to which the attention of the public has already been ſo much diverted, by the writings of Gentlemen high in the eſteem of the literary world, perhaps it will be ſaid, it is now too late for new candidates to afford any conſiderable ſhare of entertainment by their poſthumous reflections. Did I ſubmit to the weight of this obſervation, added to the ſuggeſtions of my own mind, I might, probably, at once decline an undertaking ſo replete with difficulty: but, ſolicited as I am, by many whoſe opinions of the ſequel have had weight with me, I make bold to obtrude myſelf, even at this period, being certain of one thing, that whatever others may have written on this ſubject, I have not yet conſulted their books; and hence my arguments are wholly uninfluenced by thoſe of my cotemporaries: I ſhall therefore, without further preface, attempt a general diſcuſſion of this Letter, with all the impartiality of which it is capable.

Agitated by thoſe fears which generally perplex the guilty, Mr. Burke, without much preamble, ranks himſelf

on the ſide of corruption; whoſe advocates affected to repel an attack recently made upon him and his penſion, by two celebrated Lords.

Why this attack was ſo long permitted to laurel thoſe Stateſmen, we are at a loſs to conjecture; one fact ſeems admitted, that the enquiry, inſtituted by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, had been anticipated by Miniſters.

We have it from Mr. Burke himſelf, that he did not expect to be called upon ſo early in the ſeaſon, and thus we judge, he apprehended there were grounds for ſome attack in ſome ſtage of the buſineſs of the preſent ſeſſions of Parliament. Men, convicted by their feelings, generally delineate, on the tablets of their own convicted minds, their guilt. Thus our political culprit, always upon his trial, is continually racked by the remembrance of his crimes.

With a mind partially unfettered, and his body ſomewhat diſembarraſſed from the ephemerous horrors of his hideous ſelf-views, we ſoon, however, find him, dexterouſly auſtere, with an iron-rod in his hand, catechiſing the noble object of his virulence. Their clumſy urbanity is more than ſurpaſſed by his haughty contumely. Doubtleſs the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale have not made graceful embelliſhments of ſtyle their ſtudy: to theſe Mr. Burke was always, nor indeed unſucceſsfully, devoted: in the cloſet, a demagogue; on paper, a ſcholar; he could eaſily, and he freely did, ſway imperial in the republic of periodic wit. "The

"holy

" holy of holies," his own dear Saint Stephens, verberated his praiſes. Glory adopted him for her ſon, and Fame beſtowed her laurels thick upon him. He was the *ſtar* of the wiſe men, ſome of whom he has now at length conducted to the awful preſence of his darling Nimrod.

It is thus ſurrounded, preferred, and reverenced, he finds perfect ſecurity in an imperfect ill-employed old age. His wars againſt reaſon, philoſophy, and *the poſſible Rights of Man*, have blighted, but not deſtroyed an underſtanding, once fertile, vigorous, and ſound. That ſoul, which in one criſis of our annals, ſeemed to ſoar above and ſpurn wealth, is now, by I know not what fatality, ſervilely humbled and proſtrate. When, under the diſpenſation of heaven, he was deprived of the ſociety of his ſon, we heartily condoled with him. It is himſelf, not the people, not the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, who has ſallied forth and outraged the memory of departed virtue. Dragged by a thorny conſcience from his ſolitary retreat, he appears only before the tribunal of his own revolutionary fears. We ſometimes regard him as a phantom, at other times as a ſpright, then an angel, now a devil. In his Royal Drama, the chaotic murmurs, the corybantiate ſhrieks of night, and hell lead up the dance of aſſociated guilt. Talents which, except himſelf, no man could ever diſcover, are, he tells us, poſſeſſed and magnanimouſly employed by the Grenvilles and the Pitts. Yet, at thus ſurrendering his wonted dominion over a great and voluminous mind, he does ſhare ſome portion of our pity.

Still we proteſt, that this his defence of the moſt iniquitous Miniſter that ever curſed a people, is the perfection of rancour.

Oſtenſibly pledged to advocate the injuſtice, impolicy, inaptitude, cruelty, pride and malignity of a turgid Miniſter, no epithet can be too coarſe, no ſcurrility too abandoned, no deriſion too vague, no irony too commonplace for this champion of infernality. He neither is ſurpriſed nor uneaſy, to find himſelf ill-ſpoken of by the new ſect in philoſophy and politics; ſo impenetrably fortified is his ſubverted mind. He retroſpects morality through the obſcure glaſſes of the itinerant prieſts of France. The body and the blood of Jeſus appear in the grove†. Reaſon, that attribute of heaven, given to man to direct and regulate all his actions, is traduced. For man to diſſect religion with his intellectual eye, is denounced blaſphemy, indelible blaſphemy, againſt redeeming love. Faith, not good works, muſt lead us down to death. So ſay the biſhops: and ſo ſays Mr. Burke. *Hence to be ill-ſpoken of by the old ſect in morality and religion, to me, would be no matter of uneaſineſs or ſurpriſe. To have incurred the diſpleaſure of an Edmund Burke or an Arthur Young; to fall under the cenſure of the ca-

† During the reign of popery in France, the prieſts, by virtue of the pope's authority, travelled from village to village, exhibiting a glaſs of an opaque nature, which, as they alleged, contained the *real* body and the *real* blood of Jeſus Chriſt: ſince the Revolution, the ſecret has, however, been diſcovered; duck's blood being the *real* blood, dog's fleſh, the *real* body!

valier

valier count de Pueſſay, or his friend the Earl of Chatham; to be calumniated by Reeves, or perſecuted by Pitt; to have Windham's curſes or Grenville's frowns, I ſhall conſider as proofs, not the leaſt ſatisfactory, that I have produced ſome part of the effect I propoſe by my endeavours.* My labours ſhall, I truſt, be uniform. Where the antagoniſt is warm, I ſhall alſo be warm; where phlegmatic, I ſhall be phlegmatic; where abſurd, I ſhall exemplify that abſurdity; if at any time, in any of his flights, he acts the madman, I ſhall even act that part too. Thus meet him in every point, under all circumſtances, and at all hazards. If you would cruſh an inſolent foe, combat him with his own weapons.

Surely the man who can openly, and in cool blood, couple the Duke of Orleans with the Duke of Bedford, challenges alike our candour and contempt. Orleans lived and died a religious, moral, and political ſcoundrel. Pander to a diſſolute court, when one party vaniſhed, he appeared under the banners of a triumphant mob. No filial ardor, no deſcended pride, no happy combination of the man and the prince, no ſpirit of chivalry, no repugnance to ſhame partook in his contemplations. A morbid tyrant, an oppreſſive fool! He indeed was executor in his own wrong; hurrying through life, his gradations from and to power, evinced how ſubtile and how ignoble were all his paſſions. To gain even one moment's reſpite, to be permitted yet a little and a little longer to live, and to deceive, yea for the ſake of ſitting in criminality, as one of the unjuſt jurors of a mild prince, he could ſacrifice his whole

whole fortune and fame. To fill the meaſure of his crimes, he inverted the order of his anceſtors ; and proclaimed his mother a whore. How intolerably diſingenuou sthen muſt that man be, who beſmears Ruſſell of Palace-yard, with the vices of Orleans of the Thuilleries

We regard him as an inebrious ſectariſt, invaleſcened by age, but invigorated by ſpleen. Temperate reaſoners, thinking men, have found that ſuch beings neither regard decency of action nor propriety of ſpeech. They have found, that zeal in a bad cauſe will inevitably produce diſtortions of the brain : that Archimedes, were he alive, could not meaſure the extent of an unbounded bad mind. Placing one foot of his compaſs in the centre of MALICE, Envy would whirl him round the globe, perhaps around the univerſe of globes, till the chart and the plane table rumbled down to hell.

From this *luctiferous* region, our ſatyriſt ſeems to have imported a new catalogue of unheard of phraſes. Arming himſelf with every briar that his thorny path affords, iraſcibly huge, we find him in the ſecond page of his book, termagant like, darting, with invidious fervour, his ſquibs and his firebrands at the Prieſtleys and the Paines, a race of beings who have long diſturbed this demon-hearted world. Man does not like to be told how groſsly he betrays the purpoſe of his birth. Every demonſtration of exiſting vices, errors, tyrannies, and impoſture gains a preſent audience of his heart, but ſoon ranks in the number of his tormentors. Human nature is an odd medly : pleaſed and diſpleaſed, ſorrowful and glad, active and inert,

bold

bold and puſillanimous, devout and prophane, in the courſe of one ſhort day. We are ſtrong weak beings. Each has his votive deity to ſerve and to adore: but not one adores and ſerves truly. Availing himſelf of this our nature, Mr. Burke continually attacks the moſt meritorious characters of the age. Than Doctor Prieſtley, no man deſerved better of his country: even Paine was not ſo unworthy as his perſecutors affect to treat him. However, an arrear of debts was, it ſeems, left undiſcharged by thoſe celebrated men; and the attack made by all deſcriptions of people, added to this more recent ſally of the Peers, Mr. Burke now deemed an honourable mention of paſt ſervices. Granted! But his extreme indignation could not have been induced by any thing thoſe noble perſons ſaid of either him or his penſion.

Whether good-natured or mannerly, one thing is certain, that both the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale bore unfeigned teſtimony to his talents, and could only impugn the granters of that penſion, as being implicated in the apoſtacy of the grantee. Undoubtedly an accumulation of the evils, the burdens and the horrors of war, and theſe are accumulated by new taxes, new penſions, new loans, whether the cauſe and the object of the conteſt be juſt or unjuſt, demands our vigilance to detect, and promptneſs to abridge, and juſtice to annul, every ſpecious fraud, every prodigal eſtabliſhment, and every ſurreptitious contract. The handſome things Lord Grenville has had the goodneſs to ſay in our hero's behalf, would never have been ſaid, had not Miniſters themſelves been attacked. It was his

love

love for the accuſed William Pitt, that animated "that able, "that vigorous, that well-informed Stateſman." Standing forth with an effrontery, an infelicity of right paralleled only by that which characteriſes uſurpation and revolt, he aſſerts the freedom of tyranny, and the rights of deſpots. A *vagabond** French clergy, an inordinate tribe of nobles, marauding gentry, and a dreaming peaſantry, La Vendee, Stofflet and Charette, ſhare his favours, and conſume *our* means. Between them, they excoriate liberty. Between them, honour is aſſaſſinated. Between them, virtue is

* This word, obnoxious as it is at firſt ſight, although it has but one meaning, namely, a wandering beggar or idle perſon, who has no fixed place of abode; often receives harſh and different applications. In the preſent inſtance I wiſh to be underſtood, as meaning no enmity to the unfortunate exile clergy of France. They have, the major part of them at leaſt, quitted their country, and abandoned their relations and every thing that was dear to them, for the ſake of a religion they embraced from long uſuage, and revered under the awful form of a heavenly benediction. Conſcience was, they tell us, their monitor: and we have juſt as much reaſon to doubt their integrity, as they can have to queſtion ours. In this reſpect, we are indeed equally circumſcribed by the laws of humanity: for all have their prejudices, and each his paſſions. In a world where perhaps ten thouſand, or more, different forms of worſhip prevail, and where only one form can be that of the true religion, unable as we are to characteriſe the true one, certainly every profeſſing people have a right to ſuppoſe themſelves right: we at leaſt have nothing to do with them, but to wiſh that they and us, with all mankind, may be accepted of God. Hence the *prieſts* of France, who emigrated to our country, are proper objects of compaſſion. Nor does their general philoſophic deportment plead a little in their favour.

proſcribed

proſcribed. Between them, the laws of nations are outraged and aſſumed. We feed an external race of national enemies, and keep in pay an internal gang of artificial robbers. That zeal the Duke of Bedford and others, affiliated with him, have, from duty and principle, diſplayed, recommends both their claims and their ſervices. Yet theſe claims, if not accompanied by ſolid ſelf-demonſtrative proofs of genuine patriotiſm, with the value of the ſervices that recommend them, fall to the ground. Zeal to promote the intereſts, to aſſert the privileges, to defend the rights of a great people, committed againſt the tyranny of the many or the few, is laudable, conſiſtent, and praiſe-worthy. "*We* " heartily do homage to their juſtice."

Fear of change may perplex the ſouls of monarchs; but the huſbandman, the mechanic, even the merchant, will rejoice, whenever the preſent corrupt ſyſtem of Engliſh Repreſentation has been radically and for ever deſtroyed. It cannot be for the advantage of a people, to remove detached and almoſt unimportant obſtacles. The whole maſs of vicious legiſlation muſt be amalgamated; and in this chemical ſtate, thrown into the alembic of oblivious eternity. Yet, mark my words, I diſclaim the maſſacres, the proſcriptions, the villainies, the uſurpations, the intrigues, the guillotines of Paris. My ſword ſhall be reaſon! my ambition juſtice!

An enlightened people will always reject every innovation that tends to entire and undiſtinguiſhable change. In the words of an ingenious, though often eccentric, and ſometimes miſtaken writer, I would here beg leave to expreſs myſelf: " They are the errors and vices, not good faith and virtues

" of a people, which demand renovation. Whatever is " now REALLY excellent, can ſafely continue ſo for ever. " Whatever is now REALLY vicious, if permitted to con- " tinue in its unimpaired ſtate, will, VICE VERSA, vitiate " and debaſe a country and a people for ever; only the " corruptions which have hitherto ſapped every organized " ſyſtem, that can fall under Paine's pruning knife. Here " and there ſome uncouth ſtakes may be driven, ſome way- " ward ſluices opened; perhaps the ſtream will now and " then run ill judged and anomalous courſes; but ſage re- " formers will never deſtroy ſuch parts of a ſyſtem, as poſ- " ſeſs an ability to receive impreſſions of religious bene- " volence, moral juſtice, and political œconomy *."

Sects in philoſophy and politics may reign their few, limited moments undiſturbed; but the ſenſe of a nation, too maſculine for pedantry, too active for ſceptiſm, and much too vigilant for intrigue, ſoon diſarms and diſcomfits the tyrant ſectary. There are thoſe who admire *uniquely* new tenets, or ſome old abſurdities new modelled. Such are the *immaterial* materialiſts. Such was Leibnitz the German, and Hobbes the Engliſh philoſopher. Great, out of the labyrinths of heatheniſm; mere dwarfs in that vortex.

We do not wiſh for the reign of terror; for, whenever religion has been (if that were poſſible) torn from the mind of man, all the wrath, all the fury, all the peſtilence, all the murderous anarchy, which embitters life, would ſuperſede the uſages and the laws of reaſon. I tremble to think of it; and ſo does the prototype of old John Ziſca.

* See the Chancellor's Letter to the King.

Among

Among the effects propoſed by Mr. Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution, we may diſcover the untimely death of Briſſot. The fair character of this elegant, correct, and judicious writer, by a quaint figure of rhetoric, is brought upon the ſtage, lead through the prologue, and ſtabbed in the career of that tragic gala. Briſſot was a man of ſtern virtue: he loved his country: he loved mankind. Privileged vice was obnoxious to him. His ſoul, his heart, his whole frame ſpurned and rejected ſlavery. Differing only about the forms, he agreed entirely in the right of a people to chuſe their own government. Probably, he did at one time preſide over a particular party; but his name is not to be found in the liſt of thoſe who voted a prejudiced, but humane, monarch to the ſcaffold. With all his faults, with all his errors, with his vices, for he, in common with all men, muſt have had ſome to diſinherit, he at leaſt was as worthy of a ſeat in the National Convention of France, as ſome men who now hold ſeats in the Parliament of Great Britain. Aye, as truly ſo, as the dagger-drawing Burke was, in the moments of his mania.

But, what ſay I?—They offend againſt Briſſot's memory, who rank him only with the libellers of England and France. Have you heard it ſaid, has any one ever known that Briſſot, by a ſacrifice of his talents, his virtues, and good name, huddled a prime miniſter, huddled a majority of the repreſentatives of a nation, to reward rotten apoſtacy with gold? Never in your life! Again—has any been known to ſay, that Briſſot, by a ſhameful malverſation of his native idiom, baſtardized his countrymen, leaving his

country ſaddled with the odious imputation of—" Nauſeous " *hoggery* of *human* ſwine?" Never in your life! Summoned by the legiſlative voice, by the conſtitutional organ of a free people, did Briſſot, while yet a member of the ſenate houſe of that people, accept of 1500*l.* or any other ſum, more or leſs, *per annum*, for quarrelling with his old friends and deceiving his new? No.—Not one ſuch charge can be alleged, much more ſubſtantiated, againſt that always zealous, though ſometimes daring, friend of freedom. And is this the man ſo unworthy of the eſteem of a Britiſh lord!

Ah! infatuated mortal, well may you dread being again arraigned at the tribunal of your inſulted country. Well may you dread the ſharp, but juſt, rebuke of an indignant nation. Well may you dread their aggregate reſentment, and their aggregate ſtrength. But to reſent is, with you, a virtue. I own, it is a man's duty to reſent unprovoked illiberalities. He does it for his preſent comfort and future ſecurity. He does it for the honour of his kind. Yet, ſurely, no man is warranted, firſt to provoke, and then to avenge an inſult. It is the arrogant privilege of degraded nature. " Rich poor man!" you urge the privilege, and ſtrive to qualify the right. * But the leaves of your book will yet be made into a drum, to animate England to eternal battle, againſt a tyranny that threatens to overwhelm all England, and all the race of Britons. *

One thing we do know, that while this upright man was in the career of an elaborate life of oppoſition to men in, and coincidence with men out of power, the ſove-

reign

reign and his miniſters remained indifferent, I might ſay, inimical, auditors. But at the commencement of the French revolution, and months before the clangor of jarring politics ineſcated our councils, this prejudiced, great, intemperate man, fired with love of popiſh juſtice, ſhrunk into the obſolete formalities of a proſcribed ſect; and unaccuſtomed to ſtudy Voltaire or Rouſſeau, drummed all St. Stephen's, St. James's, and the Bank to arms. Of keen and, as he ſays himſelf, vivid paſſions, it was impoſſible to extinguiſh the ſpreading flame. But it was not he, it was miniſters, it was his majeſty (for ſo Mr. Burke aſſerts) that provoked, ſchemed, and brooded over this deſolating war. Hatched in iniquity, its ravages and its ſucceſſes equal the juſtice of that ſhrewd neceſſity which impelled it. England unreined her ſteeds, and let ſlip her dogs of pillage. Barbariſed by the ferocious example of an inſulting foe, Gallia could not, would not, reſtrain her ſons. The ambaſſador of unhappy Louis, is denounced by the cabinet of London: that of ill-adviſed George, degraded at Verſailles. Gower fled from Paris; while Chauvelin, by the order of that dulciated miniſter, the great Lord Grenville, poſted with all the precipitancy of attainted innocence, out of London.

My Countrymen, "it is a ſubject of awful meditation." Immerſed in the penury of diſtraction and diſeaſe, with infants and wives clinging faſt about us, ſtripped of our commerce, our peaceful handicrafts perverted from their uſe, all---even all the ſecurity, the ſafety, honour, character, and wealth of the nation confiſcated or abuſed. Involuntarily dragged from the mountain's top, the ſhepherd, with

downcaſt

downcaſt look, his pipe untuned, and his crook tranſverſed, numbers with the licenſed murderers of man. A nation of freemen, whoſe only crime is exceſſive love of liberty, is villified in our writings and ſcoffed at by our rulers. That we may continue ignorant of the wretched policy which ſanctifies the edicts of a voluptuous court; that biſhops may roll in their ſhining chariots, and baſk in riot and guilt; that a ſycophant miniſter, and more ſycophant pimps; that beardleſs generals and unbreeched ſtateſmen; that ſpies, and the ſervants of the ſervants of the friends of thoſe ſpies, may gorge every lewd paſſion, Innocence is chaced from her unaſſuming retreat, to appear at the tribunal of vitiated Juſtice.---Ungracious age! Liberty, which in its eſſence brings love, peace, and good will to mankind, and in its operations can guarantee theſe bleſſings, is thus ſtigmatiſed.

The conſtitution of the human mind is indeed changed. We are preparing for the moſt wretched ſlavery. Though neceſſary, indiſpenſably neceſſary, to our happineſs, we ſcorn virtue. A ſordid ſelf-intereſt abſorbs and govérn us throughout; hence the varigated œconomy of human life is deranged and ſullied in all its decorations. We haſten to the cloiſters of ſuperſtitious night, and ſumptuous error points to ruin: 'Tis caſt—the die is caſt! Britons, you are undone.

Sitting in judgment on myriads yet unborn, you forge their chains.——Thoſe chains you yourſelves now vilely yoke. Taught to regard France as an inert monſter, you cruelly aſperſe her ſons. If France is monſtrous, England has made her ſo. A revolution, which commanded our veneration, ſhares leſs of our reſpect than our cenſure.

It

It ſeems, by what we have done, what we are doing, and what we ardently deſire to do, that the annihilation of Gallic liberty intereſts us more than the preſervation of Britiſh honour. This is vile ingratitude. They loaded us with panegyric; we have returned their kindneſs with abuſe. They were pacific, we grew implacable. Ready always to ſeal their friendſhip with the firmeſt poſſible alliance, by a perverſe inſenſibility, we made them our foes. When unhappy Louis XVI. by our moderation, might have been reſcued, firſt, from the ſeverity of a priſon, then from the ſavage horrors of a block; our threats, not our ſupplications; our rancour, not our love; our pride, not our affability; our every indecent paſſion was wrecked upon them. Any other conduct than this, would have ſoothed a generous people into temperance. Thoſe ignominies they juſtly dared; thoſe hereditary vices they could not recognize; the cannibal annals of a bloody tyranny; Baſtile horror and the viles of Rome; in ſhort, whatever was uncommonly wicked in the old ſyſtem, had Great Britain only been tender of the inevitable fervour of an enfranchiſed people, would have been obliterated for ever, by the framers of the new. They would have forgotten the maſſacres of the Thuilleries; the prodigality of the Capet race would have been put to the ſcore of human weakneſs. However ambitious, however intriguing the Queen of the French might at one time have been, nought but the deſpot league of princes brought her to the ſcaffold. Europe, more than Europe, was in arms againſt a ſingle nation! Againſt a nation of infatuated men. Againſt a nation, then generouſly elated with the love of

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the portion of freedom they did, and the far greater portion of it they expected to, enjoy. It was out of the power of nature herself to resist the vigour of her awakened offspring. Long abandoned to vassalage and idolatry, the moment the scene of the dissolution of these horrors opened to them, their prospects were extended; their thoughts and desires exalted with the view. Thus circumstanced, the total transmutation of their passions, the entire seduction of reason and all their senses, those excesses they committed, the overflowings of their joy, and general demonstration of their victories; whatever a newly inspired soul, animated by love of freedom and man could embrace, that they participated, that they displayed. Why then do we wonder that, after being deceived by a vicious court; after England rejected their propofals for eternal union; after the colleges of the princes of the empire had promulgated sentiments of eternal disaffection towards the fraternized French people; after almost every tongue in Europe had libelled and misrepresented them; when asperity against Mirabeau formed the exercises of the youth of Britain—Why, let me ask, do we wonder that Paris has become the seat of desperation? The French are a desperate foe, and we must estimate their strength and our weakness by that standard. Fertile in expedients, and, in the career of a great revolution, should all other resources fail them, before they would surrender their liberties, they would even exhaust the vegetable kingdom itself. Regardless of a menacing British cabinet, of the whole menagerie of privileged nature, like tigers, they will, indeed, fall "upon animated strength."

Already

Already we are told that, not even Mr. Burke, in "his "wretched condition," is safe from them. This, however, can eaſily be confuted. They have not, in one inſtance that I know of (and probably the affairs of France, within the laſt three years, have occupied full as much of my attention, and been as impartially pronounced upon by me, as they could poſſibly be by this gentleman) made him the topic of any one popular diſcuſſion. Phyſiologiſts there certainly are in that, as well this, and every other, country. Their collections are made from all the explored regions of ſpace. Hyenas, vultures, wolves, and adders, the whole circle of cannibal nature, with them, range in the orders of inanimate prodigies. With us, again, thoſe who wanton in the luxuriance of unearned wealth; thoſe who ſubſiſt on the induſtry of enthralled man; thoſe whom a coronet protects from the chain and the halter, a B********, a C******y, and hundreds more, perſonify the tiger, the hyena, and the wolf. They feed upon our ſorrows, and prey upon our lives. By one we are told, we have no right to complain; by another, that that right, the inſtant we manfully exerciſe it, is abuſed. By a third, that a deſtructive tyranny has enſanguined France; and that this tyranny is liberty. But know you, my countrymen, they report falſely? We have a right to complain, to urge our complaints, to make them be heard, liſtened to, and reſpected; in doing this, we do our duty, and liberty is the hand-maid of virtue. This is a truth, infinitely more important to be known, than any theoretic axiom that can be diſcovered in the whole round of Mr. Burke's nomencla-

tures. He regards that as diſaſtrous, at which honeſt men rejoice. Namely, that the revolution in France ſeems to have extended to the conſtitution of the mind of man.—It were happy for Europe, had the ſixteenth century produced ſuch a revolution. True, the ſixteenth century is celebrated as the epocha of the *proviſional* manumiſſion of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights: as the epocha of the death of popiſh ſlavery; on which occaſion, the tyranny of the Stewarts made way to that of the Houſe of Orange. We changed our maſters, but cheriſhed all their wrongs. Thus have we, from time immemorial, revolved amidſt ſuperſtitions, errors, prejudices, and doubts, to the fulfilment of our miſery, and at the expence of freedom. It is becauſe we can thus think and thus ſpeak, becauſe we equally dread the ſophiſtry of a Bedford and a Burke; that the latter, perhaps, with a view to "ſwaddle, and rock, and dandle" the former into an apoſtate, has now, for upwards of three years, uniformly laboured to falſify the laws of nature: to lay waſte the blooming fields, the aſpiring lebanons of Britiſh freedom: to give to his own ten-year-old ſentiments, a new meaning and a new uſe. Appropriating the leiſure of the twilight of a venerable old age, to the compoſition of irreverent and lewd libels, he ſets men upon writing a premature biography of his life. Even now, the marble ſeems impreſſed with his mortifying pedigree.

Here read his life—there his epitaph.

THE SHORT LIFE OF A LONG LIVER.

EARLY impreſſed with ſublunary things,
Great Edmund Burke once ſpurn'd the rights of kings;
'Till golden fields, where ſtateſmen oft have been,
To reap the harveſt of their crop of ſpleen,
Allur'd his heart; yet no corruptive wound
Appear'd to ſtain the conſecrated ground.
Oft he would ſigh, and oft reflect, with pain,
On the vaſt proſpect of a future gain;
Yet, could not reach the haven of his love,
The prize of merit was in hands *above!*
He always wanton'd, to be thought compleat,
In pureſt ſtyle: and ſo will any cheat.
From ſide to ſide, his eager eye would roll,
A dire ambition warm'd his daſtard ſoul:
But, ſo he play'd, and ſo contriv'd his part,
All thought him honeſt, with a tender heart.
To ſeal thoſe gen'ral notions of the man,
Edmund, with eyes erect, a moral tale began:

" On earth men live, without regard to life,
They riot in low vices, and low ſtrife:
Whether a prince, a courtier, or ſaint,
Each prey on virtue, that each may repent.
Sin to mankind, we're told, devolves of right,
We walk in darkneſs, yet behold the light:
Faith muſt our guide to life eternal be,
And all would periſh, ſoon as all were free.
The good to Nature and ourſelves we owe,
Cannot be ſhared in miſery below:
To reap the harveſt of our labours here,
We muſt be poor and mean, from year to year."

Yes! ſaid all this: but knew he might elude,
The dove-ey'd, carrion herald of the flood.
In early life he toil'd, that man ſhould know
How crowns, in any ſoil, will thrive and grow:
That locuſt ardour thro' the genii runs;
That while they ſmile on wiſdom, malice burns;
That man is born to fertilize his toils,
And cruſh the worm, that blazons, crown'd with ſpoils.
Thus he could ſpeak, and write, and think,
'Till royal favour broke the pedant link;
A thouſand errors from the wreck now roſe,
And freedom's ſons became "his wicked foes:"
Theſe he aſperſed, theſe ſhar'd his direſt frowns,
He died the votive advocate of crowns!

HIS EPITAPH!

READER, ATTEND, BENEATH THIS STONE WAS LAID,
A BODY, COFFIN, AND A LINEN SHRED;
BUT TIME, THAT ALWAYS HOARY SUBTILE THING,
TO THE ALCALCIN'D MATTER GAVE A WING;
NOW, IN THE AISLE, OR O'ER THE SCULPTURE FLIES
THE CREATURES THAT, FROM EDMUND'S BODY, SEEK THE SKIES.

Apoſtate man! thus ſhall thy crimes be made
To run eternal circles 'mongſt the dead.

Certainly, future ages, generations of men yet unborn, will read, with aſtoniſhment they will read, that biography and this death ſong. Both, however, do juſtice to his talents; both acknowledge his claims to immortality.

More valuable far than all his ſervices, would rectitude of life and converſation have been. Happy had it been for him, that his mind, at the firſt exploſion of Gallic freedom, had expanded with the ſtream. Happy had it been for him

that,

that, like Lord Lauderdale, Briſſot and Condorcet had died his friends. Had this been ſo, at the moment I write, and all through life, the Right Honourable Edmund Burke would have been the favourite child of Britons. He, however, has waged war upon reaſon; and liberty and truth have taken the alarm. They will follow him to his moſt ſolitary retreat; but, they will ſhew him that, inſtead of the human mind being viciouſly decompoſed, magnanimity and love have ſuperſeded jealouſy and rancour. They will ſhow him, they will glory in ſhowing *him*, the palm of freedom, wreſted, at length, from a debauchee world. Virtue will have fraternized with prudence, and the ſon of man emerged from the torpor of a thouſand years.

It will be impoſſible to reform the laws, the manners, or revenues of a nation, till the people have reformed themſelves. Vice muſt be made ſubſervient to virtue---Rather, virtue muſt be made the road to honour. It is eaſy to give ſtability to juſtice; it merely requires the co-operation of individual free will, acting by uncorrupted organs, with ſovereign and congregated power. There muſt, there ever will, be men, bodies of men, in towns, in ſhires, in whole kingdoms, who will exerciſe the functions of legiſlators, judges, and executors of the public or corporate purſe, in thoſe towns, kingdoms, or ſhires. But, in granting this, we do not, at the ſame time, admit the ſovereignty of error. No; "That monarch who *will not*, though he may, accept of a "people's generous love, and baniſh pride and adulation "from his councils, deſervedly loſes the nation's confidence "and the nation's crown. That country, whoſe people

will

" *will not*, though they can, be happy, deſervedly periſhes " in oblivious thraldom."

Theſe are the ſentiments which actuate the greateſt portion of the thinking men of our time and country. Eſpouſing theſe ſentiments, and rejecting every ſervile proſtitution of moral, religious, and political juſtice, we indeed may ſay, that even the conſtitution of the mind of man is changed. In what reſpects England, I truſt I am right. As far as other nations are affected, may the over-ruling Providence of the univerſe ſo diſpoſe their thoughts, ſo direct their ſtudies, ſo occupy their lives, that the laſt and beſt revolution of all, namely, the reign of juſtice, may be univerſal, and, by concomitant ſacrifices to virtue, be made permanent.

Then thoſe operoſe exertions, to retrench or reform a civil liſt eſtabliſhment; thoſe ruſh-light glimmerings of gangrened freedom, which break in upon us through the old walls of old St. Stephen's; thoſe temporary effuſions of place-hunting patriotiſm, the blood hounds of Cuba will not then be let looſe, to hunt down and deſtroy the human race. The highly prized labours of œconomizing Burke, the clamours of a greedy, needy, unprincipled race of men, ſuch as the ſubordinate creatures of power always are, would then be heard of, and known no more.

Now, indeed, we are told, that " Lord Grenville ſtands " forth with *a manlineſs and reſolution* worthy of *himſelf* " and of *his cauſe*, for the preſervation of the perſon and " government of our Sovereign, and therein for the ſecu- " rity of the laws, the liberties, the morals and lives of the " people." Yes, yes, he does, ſtand forth; and the ſtate of the

the nation, of the ſovereign, and of the people, evince of how much ſuperior advantage his meaſures, compared to thoſe of the hyenas, the tigers of France, are. Engliſhmen, your liberties, your morals, your property, your lives are in the moſt abject ſtate of periſhable inſolvency!

Unwilling that this awful fact ſhould want a parallel, this man of Haſtings, hazards a general charge, a charge which indeed ſtaggers our feelings, though, with regard to their ill-fated monarch, perfectly true; that the French "denied "even to the departed, the ſad immunities of the grave." The execrable faction, who perſecuted that prince to the ſcaffold, and from the ſcaffold, ſignalized by every demonſtration of graceleſs joy, removed his bleeding corpſe to the croſſway, and there denied him "the ſad immuni-"ties of the grave," doubtleſs provokes our indignation! Oh, I burn with indignation, high indignation, againſt the inſatiate Roberſpierre! But wherein does the 8th Henry differ in this reſpect from the 1ſt Roberſpierre? Let us ſee:

Wolſey, having regularly accommodated his conſcience and his religion to the avarice and the tyranny of a prodigal maſter, on finding that the accuſtomed modes of raiſing money on the credit of the Court; that taxation, that demeſne lands, that benevolences, however promptly enforced and ſyſtematically paid, notwithſtanding their vaſt aggregate, were inſufficient to ſupport the expenditure of the Court, *commiſſioned* his king *to ſack* the cathederals and unſhrine the dead. Sure, ſure that which a king of England, in the midſt of a peaceful reign, did with impunity, the people

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of France, when preſſed on all ſides by the foe, to defend their wives, their children, and themſelves, might do. The French did unplumb the dead, and flay the living. The Engliſh ſtarve the living, and inſult the dead. In the reign, juſt alluded to, the bones of Thomas à Becket, the Saint of Canterbury, were burnt in public; and his rich ſhrine, in which there was a diamond of great value, confiſcated among the common plunder. In this roaſting-reign, it was uſual with the ſpit-men to raiſe the burning martyr on their ſpikes and halberts, and, with as little ſenſe of humanity as can be excited by throwing a ſhovel of coals into a common fire, replunge the devoted victims into the flames.—Catharine of Arragon, Anne Bullen, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catharine Howard, and Catharine Parr, were in this reign exalted to the rank of Queens of England, and, under the ſame mild diſpenſation, had the diſhonour of being divorced, beheaded, or degraded. Henry, indeed, was the firſt king of England who ſpilt royal blood on a ſcaffold. Anne Bullen and Catharine Howard were the ill-fated victims of his fury. Yet the French of this day are held up as monſters, whoſe cruelties are (as Mr. Burke will have it) unrivalled in the annals of all time. Have they ever commanded the public accuſer to bring before their tribunal, the corrupted bodies of the dead? No——But Henry VIII. did this. He, however, was honoured by the Pope with the title of, *Defender of the Faith*; and, as if we adored his memory, we generally revive the title at the coronation of every new king. It is for Mr. Burke to queſ-

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tion the magnanimity of royal boſoms !---- But *here* he will exclaim----" Leave me, oh leave me, to repoſe !"

" In one thing (he tells us) he can excuſe the Duke of " Bedford for his attack upon him and his mortuary pen- " ſion." And aſſuring us, that his Grace cannot readily comprehend the tranſaction he condemns, he runs on :---- " What I have obtained, was the fruit of no bargain; " the production of no intrigue; the reſult of no compro- " miſe; the effect of no ſolicitation." Very good ! " The " production of no intrigue !" This is a lie in theory; for who, after reading the debates in the Commons, in the years 1780 and 1782; after reading the debates ſubſequent to theſe periods, and till the commencement of the reign of intellect in France; who that has peruſed the foregoing reflections, however inelegantly expreſſed, can admit the truth of that aſſertion? Intrigue is a double-bodied monſter, always wears one ſort of face, but is continually changing the poſition of his hands: he writes againſt himſelf, ſpeaks againſt himſelf, even thinks againſt himſelf---And theſe are his ſhields. While friends and admirers calculate on the cogency of his forth-coming arguments, he pours down upon them in torrents of envy and contempt; yet ſtands by their ſide, and votes in their favour. Ripening thus for the laſt great evacuation, he opens his reſervoir ſluices, and, while yet wallowing in ſpiracle and brine, covers them all over with the ſlime of his filthy offal. For this Mr. Burke received, at one time, 1500l. which ſum is latterly increaſed to 4000l. a year. Yet his mortuary penſion was " the fruit of

" no bargain; the production of no intrigue." I reaſſert, this is a lie in theory.

He uniformly deceived his own party, and with them the independent part of the nation; till at a time, when the peace of Europe might have been perpetuated in decent negotiations with the French people, he, in concert with William Pitt, and many more, whoſe miſerable dependants groaned in the lap of poverty and of ſloth, created cauſes of fear and of alarm, and employing Hawkeſbury as the medium of their perfidy, aſſailed the royal ear with the din of rapin and the dire ſound of war. What, and is not ſuch a man unworthy of his mortuary penſion! Are not the Miniſters worſe than prodigal! But, he puts himſelf upon his country; and here you have his defence---MY SERVICES! the Body OF MY SERVICES! Inglorious ſervices!

Prefacing an elaborate vindication of the abuſes and corruptions of our government---he ſummonſes the Dukes and Earls of Brentford† before his ſtationary tribunal, on the pavement of Palace Yard. In Parliament, thoſe noblemen, according to him, are ſacred from the *inſults* of the people; in Parliament, they are illuſtrious perſons, to whom he owes high reſpect. On the glorious huſtings, where it was their pride to appear candidates for the approbation of a then brave and free people, it would however ſeem they came nearer his level; here they ſeemed to have waved

† This title, is that which Mr. Burke has thought proper to give theſe noblemen: and that, as we ſuppoſe, becauſe Brentford has once been the ſcene of ſome parliamentary election, in which they were concerned.

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their high privilege. --- For the ſake of my countrymen, I ſhall of this privilege now ſay one word:

Nature has privileged all the claſſes of mankind alike. In Africa ſhe proclaims her freedom. The chains which rattle in the cells of Newgate, or upon the decks of our hulks, it is true, diſembarraſs ſociety of ſo many innovating culprits; but the ſovereignty of nature is manifeſt, even in their ſlavery. Man cannot be naturally a ſinner: man cannot be naturally a ſlave. Born with no impreſſion on our infant minds, we receive our notions of men, our judgement of characters, our ability to value things, our paſſions, deſires, appetites, virtues, vices, affections, hopes, and fears, virtually and indeed, in and from ſociety. Example, whether good or bad, is every thing. "Train up a child in the way he ſhould go," was the juſt ſaying of a wiſe man. The proverb is practically right. We know it; but it is for the convenience of a polluted world to deny it. The doctrine of original ſin is a fiction, which had its birth primarily from ſecondary vices. Only luſt of dominion could have induced man, originally, to apoſtatize from truth; and gold, being impreſſed with the effigy of power, became the centre of his ambition. To this point the revolutionary human body readily inclined, till by an ardent love of pleaſure, juſtice was inebſcated, and its merciful fervour deſtroyed. The precepts of truth were now diſregarded, and mankind grew hideous in their vices. Meanwhile gold and power, revolving ſide by ſide through life, mutually domineered over, and degraded Virtue. The privileged orders of the preſent day can trace *their* root and ſtamina back only to the creation of thoſe third place fictions, ſo that the differ-

ence between the Dukes and Earls of Brentford, and the peaſants and mechanics of England really is, the former are wealthy without induſtry, the latter induſtrious without wealth. Perhaps, refinements of literature diverſify the ſcene of ennobled mortality, but the application of their wealth can alone for ever exalt, or for ever degrade, the privileged orders of a country. In every country privileged orders ever will exiſt, but they are only to be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of mankind, by their ſuperior vices or ſuperior virtues. Dealers in the ſublime, it is true, fancy the blood, the ſoul, the virtues, the talents, the ſteady valour of departed greatneſs devolve with the titles and the eſtates, to ſurviving puberty. But the reverſe of this often happens.

Lineally, we do not inherit the minuteſt quality that ennobled the minuteſt paſſage of our anceſtor's life. We come into the world ſtript of every relation that can make virtue hereditary. By the world, either we are taught to imitate an illuſtrious anceſtor, in all, or part of his actions; or, miſtaking the intention of our birth, are tutored to become a race of *ſacred* prodigals. Still the high privilege, ſanctified by "the awful hoar of ages," is homaged and revered. But theſe are tricks which the wealthier portion of our race practice upon their more indigent kind. There might now be found a man, whoſe humble ſtation only exalts his views to the command of a coal-barge, who, had fortune been more indulgent to his parents, would probably have found a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons. It is the difference which degrees of property, not degrees of natural faculty, make, that has perplexed; and, if ſuch men as

Mr.

Mr. Burke are ſucceſsful, and encouraged in apoſtacy and deceit, will perplex and involve the human race for ever. William Pitt may be a good ſpeaker; he may even be a good politician: but is he naturally ſo? No; theſe are poſſible attainments; and, in this country, are common to all who have wealthy and intriguing parents. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows his buſineſs (at leaſt what of it he does know) mechanically. A watchmaker knows his buſineſs too, and this knowledge is likewiſe mechanically acquired. Hence, had William Pitt, inſtead of being "Swad-" dled, and rocked, and dandled" into a legiſlator, been thumped, and bruiſed, and twiſted into a watchmaker, probably he never would have emerged from the ſtation of a journeyman in that trade. While, on the other hand, the watchmaker, had fortune ſmiled upon him, might have been placed at the head of the treaſury. Oh life, how devious thy viciſſitudes! But we are told, thoſe who converſe with, and aſſert the rights of their fellow men, wave their high privileges.

The attachments of privileges ought never to be ſuch as would preclude any one part or deſcription of the community from the enjoyment of their ſocial rights, immunities, and laws, independently of the will of any other part or deſcription of the ſame community. Actually, there is no privilege at this day enjoyed by any man, or body of men, in this our privileged land, that qualifies diſtinctions ſo arbitrary in their nature, as thoſe Mr. Burke advocates. Nor can we, in all the records of hereditary honour, diſcover one good reaſon, why the ſeveral orders of ſociety, upon urgent and expedient occaſions, may not aſſemble, meet, commix,

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or confer, ſeverally and indiſcriminately, for the better preſervation of the lives, the liberties, and the properties of the whole. If there are, there ought not to be, any uſages in repute, which in their operation deny even the moſt humble artizan the right he naturally does, and in a ſtate of ſociety, ought to poſſeſs, to examine, approve, diſapprove, propound, and detail whatſoever, in politics, religion, or law, concerns him. Until the chevalrick ſpirit, the hiſtoric pride, the privileged tyranny of Britons, have been decrepidated, nay, wholly ſubdued, it will be vain for us to expect, in vain to hope, for juſtice in our law-courts, for virtue in our ſenates, for œconomy in our public eſtabliſhments, for individual integrity, or collective honour.

Making this declaration, I refuſe all ſtationary tribunals, where men have been put to death for no other reaſon, than that they had combated the errors of a crown. Mr. Burke will be tried by his Peers. Who, let me aſk, are his Peers? On the ſcale of exiſtence, they are---the people of England indiſcriminately. Neither the Duke of Bedford, nor the Heir Apparent of theſe realms himſelf, can *juſtly*, elude one tittle of the exiſting law of the land. Their miſdemeanours are cognizable at the bar of the legiſlature, and in this aſſembly, the ſacred, *delegated* rights of the whole are, or ought to be, concentrated. True, the Peers of Great Britain, in caſe of high-treaſon, or contempt of their parliamentary duty, are always judicated by their brother Peers: but, what is the Houſe of Lords? Certainly a ſection of that popular ſyſtem of legiſlation, actuated and exiſting by the unanimous voice of the aſſociated body politic. Now, the man who, for any

ſpace

ſpace of time, has been, among others, the ſervant of the nation, by that nation ought to be judicated. The whole are implicated in the deciſions of the few who ſit and legiſlate in the Houſe of Commons. In this houſe Mr. Burke, not long ſince, had a ſeat; in this houſe Mr. Burke, not long ſince, inſulted the generous Engliſh, by a baſe derelic-tion of their intereſts: in this houſe then, and, at the inſtance of this people, upon his knees, he ought to receive the merited rebuke, and, after a becoming acknowledgement of his faults, the pardon, of this people. Challenge whom he will, the Duke of Bedford or the Earl of Lauderdale, to juridicate upon his ſervices, his apoſtacy will criminate his life. He muſt ſink under the appropriate imputation of "Aſſaſſin of Engliſh Liberty!" The *quantum meruit*, the body of his merit, and the body of his ſervices are eaſily and ſoon aſcertained.—"A breath can make them, as a breath has made!"

Public induſtry, in it's exertions, can have no juſt object, but public good. The Golden Rule, or if Mr. Burke likes the phraſe better, the Rule of Three, in arithmetic of policy and ſtate, is, for every individual to accelerate, by all the means in his power, the influence of virtue in the community. For virtue leads to induſtry; this to competence; this to happineſs; and this laſt is the focus of all our ſtruggles.

Clearly, the man, who receives one farthing for deceiving others, receives that farthing too much. I think I have ſatisfactorily proved, that this now celebrated penſion was "the fruit of ſome bargain---the production of ſome in-"trigue." Had not this been the caſe, there would indeed

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be a propriety, we in fact would be doing but our duty, in rewarding any ſervices Mr. Burke, from time to time, rendered his country. His talents are rapturouſly brilliant; his wit rapid, and not unfrequently correct; his ſtyle, that of a naturally great mind, and an elegant ſcholar. Faſcinating in his manner, a pathos and a ſublimity, at once grand and ſonorous, irradiate his thoughts. We admire the writer; we deſpiſe the man!

But we are told, that "between money and ſuch ſervices *as ſtateſmen perform*, there is no common principle of compariſon;" that "they are quantities incommenſurable." I reply; had Mr. Burke ſaid, that between money and talents, uſefully and virtuouſly employed, either in the ſervice of the State, or to preſerve individual rights, there is "no common principle of compariſon," with but few limitations, I ſhould ſubſcribe to the doctrine. But in a country, where no honeſt man, how great ſoever his talents, can receive one *douceur* for his integrity, between money and the ſervices of Stateſmen, there is a very common principle of compariſon. MONEY IS THE SOURCE, STATESMEN THE AGENTS, of CORRUPTION.

But there is yet a view, and an already anticipated one, in which this topic will readily preſent us with other and different grounds of argument.

In the womb, the thinking faculty can apprehend neither figure nor device; in the womb, we are indeed mere worms: on reaching the lap of ſociety, we emerge into all the feebleneſs of our nature. In ſociety we are nurſed; our education is inculcated here, and here too we ultimately take

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our ſeveral degrees, and fill our reſpective offices according to our ſeveral and reſpective opportunities. From experience and obſervation, we imbibe pertinent or juſt notions concerning the revolutionary nature of our own and co-exiſting planets. From modes of education, the ideas men have, or can attain, of practical religion and rational liberty, are reflected on the mind, and here, impregnating with our paſſions, aſſume forms differing in almoſt every feature from that characteriſtic, by which the ſenſes firſt diſtinguiſhed them. Every emblem of peculiar reſpect, homage to mental brilliancy, titles and honours, are tributes which the liberality of ſociety confers; and, by a colliſion of opinion, a diſpaſſionate ſelection of virtues and of vices, of ſpeculations, reſults, and means, we are qualified to judge of ſome men's merits, and of ſome men's actions. In a word, what we know, we learn; and what we learn not, we never can know. Hence ariſes the practicability of affixing their true value to the varied talents of mankind. Nor is the genius of a Burke above this vulgar ſtandard. To the man, who directs his talents to the improvement of the revenues, the preſervation of the liberties, the conſolidation of the diſcordant intereſts of a State, it aſſigns the united diſtinctions of fame, of rank, and of competence. Nor are the truly great and virtuous, in every department of the State, exceptions to the general rule.

"Money," Mr. Burke ſays, "is made for the convenience of animal life." Yes; but it can likewiſe perpetuate all the dignity, and all the ſplendour of mental ſuperiority.—Thus then, after amply diſcuſſing the "quantum

" meruit, the body of his merits," and what to a virtuous life, ſpent in the ſervice of his country, belongs; we merely require to aſcertain, How much money one man, for his own perſonal convenience and comfort, need *uſefully* expend in one year? Certainly leſs than 4000l. Nay, Mr. Burke might amplify in all the ſplendour of patriot œconomy, either in London or the country, with 500l. a year. In the diſtreſſed ſtate of his country, at the time he accepted his mortuary penſion, (now I argue as I would do, had that penſion been fairly obtained) it was his duty to decline the acceptance of one ſhilling more than his neceſſities abſolutely and immediately demanded. He may have been in debt, but this being granted, that nation, whoſe ſervant he was, alone had a right to audite, becauſe their money muſt ultimately liquidate, his debts. However, Mr. Burke has in one point of view received 3500l. *per annum*, more than was due to the whole body of his ſervices; while, on the other hand, his penſion, as well as the portion of perſonal reſpect he now enjoys, are groſs violations of political juſtice and moral œconomy. Indeed, he himſelf aſſures us, that " before a certain preſence (meaning Majeſty) he claims no " merit at all." The majeſty of any country, but more eſpecially England, is, or ought to be—JUSTICE! Before this preſence, his claims will ever be regarded as thoſe of an invidious egotiſt. Pronouncing on the expreſſion as it is conveyed, we however deem it, the ſublime of ſervility.

In the order of things, the next general topic is, that of the Bills Mr. Burke partly ſupported, and partly framed while in Parliament.

Already

Already I have, on various occaſions, anticipated this diſcuſſion; and been ſedulous to diſtinguiſh ſuch concluſions as related to the ſubject. Here, therefore, it will be only neceſſary for me to expreſs a hope, that thoſe diſcuſſions have generally confirmed the juſtice of the theorems I have juſt now ſtated, relatively with the common compariſon between money and ſuch ſervices. Had they even been entirely dedicated to the promotion of that which all virtuous Stateſmen have ever eſteemed their glory to purſue — the public weal! the *quantum meruit* is evidently ſmall.

Some good thoſe acts may, indeed, have produced: but their good was momentary. Let me aſk impartial men, let me aſk thoſe acquainted with the ſtate of the country, whether we are leſs embarraſſed now, than we were at the time thoſe ſtatutes came into being? The anſwer muſt be — No: but our grievances, and with them our burthens, have increaſed five-fold. Yet, true, lamentably true as this is, before the preſence of a leagued deſpotiſm, our repreſentatives ſhrink into nullities. Their puſillanimity and our inertneſs mutually enervate and conſume the habit of our conſtitution: nevertheleſs, for the ſake of argument, I will for once imagine, thoſe bills of Mr. Burke had the ſame effect on the political, as a lenitive electuary has on the phyſical, conſtitution of man: but this, while it relaxes the body, and by that means, for a moment, enables the lungs to reſpire, and to throw off ſuch crudities as obſtruct digeſtion, ſecretion, or circulation, ends in a miſerable coſtiveneſs. We were ſalivated for a wen, and it has grown into a rupture.

Amputation, "coarſe amputation" of the extraneous mem-

bers of civil-liſt œconomy, of all the liſts, eſtabliſhments, and funds, that exiſt among us, can alone (nor that unleſs ſpeedily lopped off) ſave us.

Hiſtorians, like politicians, always conſider the period before them, if at all chequered with diſaffection at home and diſgrace abroad, the moſt critically perilous in the annals of the country or people whoſe ſituations they may then happen to be conſidering. Mr. Burke imagines the middle of the war with America was "the moſt critical period "in our annals." What, then, is the preſent hour? This hour, alas! when the groans of an honeſt peaſantry, the groans of the unpenſioned maſs of ſociety convoke, or would ſeem to convoke, the ſhades of thoſe who ſuffered and periſhed in that æra; to declare with their mouths, and teſtify by their numbers, how vaſt the preſent cauſes, and how few thoſe paſt ſources of trouble and diſcontent! England, without a miracle, will, in leſs than three years, be ſunk into ruin.

That no human eye may explore this fact, *men* are *hired* to villify the rights of mankind. However, after theſe have exhauſted all their ſuſtian metaphors, all their Hibernian *cant*; after *crops* are become as innoxious as *ſquirrels*; when the ſhort cloak muſt be worn for want of a longer, and neither pantaloons nor breeches can be found in this ſanſculottized land: princes themſelves, when viewing a part, will acknowledge the ſuperiority of the whole. In every ſtruggle of great national moment, we have ſeen the phyſical always ſuperſede the political ſtrength of a country. And though the Engliſh, of the preſent day, be more gene-

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rally enlightened than thoſe of the twelfth century, we have great reaſon to fear, that a revolution in England would cauſe general mourning in Hanover. To avert the gathering ſtorm, the prince and the people muſt become unanimous, and only purſue one object; REFORM. They muſt equally doubt the efficacy of individual exertions, whether thoſe of a Bedford or a Burke; of an Earl of Lauderdale or a Baron Grenville. Whether Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt; whether Mr. Sheridan or Mr. Windham; I ſhall always pride in their good, and ſpurn their bad, actions. They are but men, and men may err.

Not that I equally regard the actions of theſe contraſted characters: they are antagoniſt champions. For one, patriotiſm and virtue ſeem to be entwining the rich laurels of a manly triumph: for the other, Nature has long been preparing her flaxen ringlets. Hemp and a ſcaffold have been the concomitants of apoſtacy and deceit. But God forbid, that the glory of the ſublime ſhould ſet in the horizon of Tyburn or the Compter.

Philanthropy is the ſoul of freedom, and mercy is an emanation from their mutual embrace. A brave people will reject every attempt that might involve miſtaken greatneſs in ruin. Were Mr. Burke now upon his trial, I make bold to predict, the pardoning love of Britons would reach his guilt. Moderation is the offspring of humanity.

Yet *philoſophers know, that if a certain people, whoſe long ſuſpended ſwords gleam for action, were to meet CORRUPTION in *her* orbit, they would hurl impudence, immorality, and terror along with her, into God knows

knows what regions of oblivious night. "The portentous "comet of the rights of man," revolving on the axle of truth, would then meet hereditary vice in its monarchic ſign. "Perplexed with fear of change," the creatures of avarice would, indeed, be "irreſiſtibly hurried out of the "highway of heaven," into the labyrinths of the excommunicated church*. At preſent, trinity in unity, procuratory marriage, proxy baptiſm, abſolution, tranſubſtantiation, all ſorts of errors pave *our* high way to heaven. Biſhop Horſley is the highwayman!

That arrear of debt this prelate owed Doctor Prieſtley, chriſtian-like Mr. Burke now pays. He likewiſe ſtruggles hard to keep the Duke of Bedford in his place, in the ſplendid enjoyment of legalized plunder: and Lord North, the founder of loan peculation, finds an advocate in him. With ſuch intentions, the whole contents of his deſultory *arcanum* beautifully correſponds. The diagram of his book is admirably perfect, not only in its ſeparate branches, but throughout the whole.

Taking example from the conduct of a people whom, of all the earth, he ſeems moſt to deſpiſe; inflamed too with luſt of wealth, nor leſs choleric and revengeful than the king whoſe barbarous proſcriptions he condemns, the firſt Baron Ruſſell is arraigned by him;--on charges---yes! charges of treaſon againſt the majeſty of juſtice.

Unuſually florid in his colouring and devices as Mr. Burke on this occaſion is, while we undertake the defence of the firſt Lord Ruſſell, we are led to inquire, does any monarch enjoy *an underived* right, to arrogate to himſelf, *under any*

title,

title, the produce, or any part of the produce, of a people's induſtry? If derived, does the right devolve to the king, with the crown, excluſively? Or, is it a right, recognizable and annulable at pleaſure? If a right, ſubject always to theſe limitations, ought the people of England, or the people of the Moon, to hold the title deeds of the reverſion? To theſe ſpeculatory interrogatories, Mr. Burke himſelf, when purveyor of the civil liſt, would briefly reply, "Every "thing of him and about him, is from the people. Is it "for him to queſtion the *loyal* favour!"

Henry VIII. enjoyed the ſame qualifications to grant annuities, out of the public purſe, as are now inherited by the Brunſwick line. The poſſeſſions of the grantee, in either caſe, are equally queſtionable, if a queſtion of this kind muſt ariſe. Except Mr. Burke, no man of our age; I know not that any Britiſh ſubject of any age, ever agitated a topic, ſo delicately important as the preſent. Barriſters of any ingenuity at all, with but a trifling loquacity, might from hence forward, to I know not what future period, argue and re-argue its legal fallacy. It is doubtful in principle, of preſcriptive intricacy, and inveloped in the prejudices of ages.---Yet plain men, of plain underſtandings, know its latent, and can eaſily propound its local, parallels. Between ſuch a queſtion, and the right of a people chuſing their own governors, we can diſtinguiſh. That people, who do inherit this latter right, are likewiſe eligible to preſcribe limits to the generoſity of their rulers. The maſs ſupports the royal of every country. The maſs, undoubtedly, likewiſe ſupports the immediate creatures of thoſe royals. Then ſurely, that king

who

who endows the libellers of this MASS with "honours and "rewards," though he acts somewhat more *civilly*, submits the right of so applying the purse of the nation to questions as technical as those which embrace the tyranny of Harry the 8th.

Henry, doubtless, was an inglorious wretch. You have already observed, how cheerfully he undertook, not only to unplumb, but to unshrine and burn the dead. From these instances of his power and wickedness, of his lustful inhumanity and tyrant hypocrisy, you will likewise easily deduce, how impossible it must have been for men in power, in his reign, to be virtuous men. Russell was, in no respect, more culpable for accepting, than Henry for bestowing, the property of murdered innocence. We have, it is true, been told by Mr. Burke, that Russell was one among the murderers of Buckingham: be it so. The age in which he lived was one profuse sequel of superstition, idolatry, reformation, rapine, and cruelty. Cato himself could not have lived, and lived virtuous, in such an æra. An æra in which father waged war against son, in which brother murdered brother; nay, mothers themselves were, in this age, known to conspire against their offspring. How then, tell me, how could Russell, thus surrounded, be an innocent man? As impossible for *him* to be just in those, as it is painful for *Mr. Pitt* to be virtuous in our times.---In this age of philosophy, this age of religion, this age of reason, this reforming age----Ah! this age!----Curse the age, and curse the people too, who can basely compromise their liberties for gold, and barter heaven for a curricle.

There

There are ſuch men: they live among us, prey upon us, ſneer at us, they even deſire a dominion over the ſighs of the heart, over the ſinews of our bodies, over the blood of our veins; and would, without a tear to pity us, wreſt the partners of our toils and our joys for ever from our boſoms. I am, I ſhall be, I muſt be in a paſſion with men and things, thus deſtructive of our collective ſecurity and individual comforts.

Torn up by the roots, we find the tree of knowledge of good and evil lie naked and unpitied in our hedges. This tree, which is no other than man turned mummy, was once nouriſhed by the beſt fruits of commerce. A war, unexampled for loſſes, unequalled for inhumanity, unrivaled for abſurdity, alone cauſed, and continues to cauſe, this peſtilence among men. It ſweeps along the *arc* of our iſland, accumulating, in its courſe, every paſſion that infects, and throbs, and enſanguines nature. Preſently it will revert to its centre, and, driving the Car of Poverty acroſs the Vallies of Sloth, with one ſavage dirge, will heave the ſilken rioters, ſhriek and bewailing, down the mole.

But theſe neceſſary, inevitable, and juſt concluſions will be pronounced the ravings of a heated imagination, the dreams of an eager theoriſt, or the augurings of a diſaffected man. I deny it. Diſaffection to juſtice never was, and I truſt, never will be, among my vices. I can venerate a good king, honour a virtuous miniſter, and obey mild laws: yet who, with the fear of God in his heart, can, who will, reſiſt the indignation the vices of a

venal cabinet provokes, equally in every honeſt breaſt? A little while ſince, I did not ſhrink from declaring myſelf in a paſſion; but, thanks to God, it was none of thoſe fits which ſtun reaſon: thanks to God, a review of the crimes of mankind, and thoſe too of the commonly-called higher circles of life, alone ſtimulated that inſtant trepidation. If I were in a paſſion, the critics muſt know, or if they will not, they, and the whole world may, that the approaching diſſolution of order, the approaching depredation of humanity, the approaching funeral of Britain made me ſo: and far from coercing theſe inbred tranſports, I yield to their fervour, I cheriſh all their warmth: they ſhall animate my laſt breath, and the gaſp will be for Liberty.

Yet, not a liberty incapable of diſpenſing its benefits, as well to the truly great as to the truly wretched. Virtue and ſcience, induſtry and genius, *moderate* power and *decent* grandeur will, in me, ever find a hearty, a faithful, an unremitting advocate:---they are the pillars of the ſocial compact, and without them, no government, however pure in theory, can practically exiſt, *in proſperity*, one twelvemonth.---With them, and with them only, an unambiguous code of laws, dictating by the pure organ of a free people, may brave the ſtorms of fortune, for ages---For ages? Yes! for ages; and that, too, in open repugnance to intrigue, to faction, and to party.

Had ſubſequent miniſters rightly conſidered Wolſey's fate, the tranſactions of his maſter, Henry VIII's. reign, would not have merely roufed, but perpetuated a ſpirit of freedom. This ſpirit is inalienable from true induſtry and true virtue;

and

and corporate bodies are only uſeful, ſo long as love of liberty is the uniting cord. Whenever this has, at any time been broken, anarchy and diſſipation have invariably ſucceeded temperance and order. Proportional diſadvantages have, therefore, always ariſen from a ſometimes wicked, often wanton, but chiefly, ill-judged diſunion of the leſſer from the greater intereſts: or, in other words, the ſubdiviſion of ſociety into garters, ſtars, and coronets. Not that the mere ordeal inſignia of an earl or a duke, in its theory, implies adoration, or commands fear, either of the man who is, or he who has made, one: the harm of diſtinctions conſiſts in their abuſe. It conſiſts in thoſe certain decorations of title being mortgaged, to give celebrity to ſome infamous project; perhaps, to *honour* an adultreſs with an opera ticket. Such the ambition of modern cavaliers!

The barons of Henry's court, though pampered with the means, knew not how to effeminate their pleaſures: they were either rudely laſcivious, or abſtemiouſly cruel. Maſks were, it is true, in uſe, but they ſerved only to accelerate the horrors of ſome murderous carnival. If they had fingers, their melody, inſtead of ſoothing, indurated the heart. True, civilization, in its progreſs, would ſometimes meliorate the paſſions of ſavage nature. On theſe occaſions, the vehemence of pride may have been ſuſpended, and the court, perhaps, diffuſed rays of moderation; but theſe being tranſitions from extremes, twilight virtue always vaniſhed at the approach of voluptuous night: ſuch was Henry's, and ſuch his courtiers' continence. Nor do the Engliſh, after the revolution of centuries, at a time when we celebrate the

downfal of popery, at a time when literature is among the objects of maſculine purſuit; in the year 1796, we do not diſplay higher virtues. A child of the preſent day has more vicious cunning than the Wolſeys of that period. Now look back, ye Britons, to the reign of Henry and the firſt Ruſſell.

That baron was, perhaps, the murderer of Buckingham: his eſtates, the reward of ſuch ſervices; and the eſtates themſelves, thoſe of the plundered church. But are the ſubſidies to treacherous courts, are the millions acquired by peculating commiſſaries, is the wealth of a biſhop and the poverty of his curate, is princely prodigality and miniſterial vice, are murders committed in the camp leſs criminal than thoſe of the cloiſter? Henry boiſterouſly ſeized on the idols of the church, and the revenues of the laity. Pitt, with the conſent of a majority of fellow-ſwindlers, aſſeſſes the unrepreſented nation, and *civilly* robs her ſons. The Jenkinſon's live----they live richly!----And what Henry would have done in ſuch circumſtances, that theſe do---Oppreſs commerce.

True, in Henry's reign, barbarous, bloodily barbarous as it was, the arts of war were not even ſtudied. Thoſe of peace could not be cultivated. Science, of any kind, was partially encouraged, and that only by a peculating cardinal. This cardinal was Wolſey. A man, who founded colleges, that he might rob communities with the greater ſhow *of juſtice*. The grants of Henry to Ruſſell, like thoſe of the ſame tyrant to Thomas Cromwell† and Biſhop Cranmer,

† This man was raiſed, from being the ſon of a blackſmith, to be the favourite of a court.

were

were, without doubt, violations of every law, moral and divine. But certainly, if the crown that king wore, can now, after revolving through baſtardies, blood, and treaſons, be lawfully and conſtitutionally worn by a monarch, whoſe right Mr. Burke probably traces to that monſter, and beyond him; the eſtates the Duke of Bedford now poſſeſſes, after paſſing only through the inevitable orders of natural diſſolution, and natural deſcent, are virtually and honourably, and by lawful tenor, held.

Hiſtory will furniſh us with various examples of men arriving at independence, by means as repugnant to juſtice, as the events which ſignalize the elevation of Mr. Ruſſell. The preſent Earl Spencer owes his deſcent to a poſterity of thieves and robbers. His progenitor was Hugh le Deſpenſer, alias Spencer, who ſucceeded Gaveſtone in the *rank*, employments, and truſts of favourite and pander to Edward II. Gaveſtone was beheaded, by order of a body of the peers of that day, without even the formality of a trial. Young Spencer, after betraying his royal maſter, after being baniſhed his native land for life, after fomenting jealouſies abroad and abetting rebellion at home, on his return to England on a project of annihilating her liberties, had the mortification to ſee his hoary father, at the age of eighty years and upward, ſacrificed to the vengeance of a proud queen; he himſelf being the ſecond victim of that lady and, her paramour, Mortimer's fury. So that that worthy man, the preſent Earl of Spencer†, like Mr. Burke, owes *his immediate* elevation to "a mild and benevolent monarch:"

† The nautical friend of Pitt, Grenville, and Burke.

Hugh

Hugh de Spencer, the anceſtor and founder of this noble family, received *his* elevation from the termagant bounty of Queen Iſabella. In ſhort, every noble family in the kingdom can very readily be traced to its firſt founder; for the moſt vigilant antiquarian can only reach the peaſant or the ſcullion; who was a free booter, who was a murderer, who flattered a deſpot, who was by him dubbed with a title, which illuſtrates his ſplendid pedigree. Even kings might be indulged with *a country dance* of this kind, and, before they have led down the laſt couple, we ſuppoſe a ruſty looking ſcythe-carrier, or as ruſty looking an old woman, may prove the *firſt founders* of their royal family. So it is, or nature tells an untruth.

Any change, ſhort of an entire new-modelling of the ſocial compact, will always prove incapable of altering the courſe of *family accidents*. Mr. Burke's trumping up a *badgery* of deſcent was, therefore, of no conſequence to the community. He could hardly ſelect one truly virtuous anceſtor for the origin of any ducal, no not of one noble family now extant. And had Richard the ſon, ſurvived Edmund the father, future biographers would probably quote the appropriate language uſed in the delineation of the Ruſſell ſtory. They might ſay; "The firſt Peer of "the name, the purchaſer of the grants, was a Mr. *Burke*, "a perſon of an *obſcure* family, raiſed by being the minion "of Grenville and Pitt:"---who were coaleſced againſt commerce, againſt religion, againſt humanity, againſt reaſon, againſt liberty and truth. "And, as there generally is "ſome reſemblance of character to create theſe relations,

"the

" the favourite was, in all likelihood, ſuch another as " his maſter." *The firſt of thoſe extravagant grants was not from the ancient demeſne of the crown, but from the recent monopoly of the wealth of the nation. The lamb, having fawned the magpye, ſignified by a bleet, that the waſp might ſuckle his mother. Having taſted the food of taxation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's firſt grant was from the lay multitude. The ſecond, infinitely improving on the enormity of the firſt, was from the plunder of colonial funds.* So, that having ſuckled the mother, the children became a prey to his waſpiſh ardour. Thus literature, that was once threatened to be trodden under the hoof of a *ſwiniſh*, is now approaching the zenith of a *waſpiſh* multitude. *In truth, the Duke of Bedford is no ways excuſable for his diſlike to a grant like this, not only in its quantity, but in its kind ſo different from his own.*

Mr. Burke's was from a lamb of a Sovereign; his from Harry the Wolf.——————————————

—What glorious ſecrets dame hiſtory will unfold!

Illumined by every virtue republican generoſity now diſplays, future hiſtories of France will caſt the eternal veil over Mr. Burke's daſtardly ſlanders. Valiant and erect, the ſpirit of that nation will yet wreſt liberty, perfect liberty, from the hands of deſpots. Europe, that Mr. Burke threatens with deſolation, far from ſinking beneath, will be invigorated and upheld by their proweſs. Marat, Robeſpierre, the whole community of Gallic and Britiſh tigers will have cloſed their ghaſtly JAWS for ever.

Then,

Then the voice of one coming in the Wilderneſs, will proclaim, "Riſe, riſe my ſons, France is free!" Conquering Gallia, wide ſpreading her ſtately ſails, will ere long waft the comforts of amity from the ſhores of peace. To depreciate her ſons, writers may rival writers, but liberty is a ſovereign good. She is the parent of virtue, and induſtry and plenty are in her train. On the wings of the morning, and from the weſt, ſhe takes her trident † flight, and on the perching fields of Africa, exalts her voice. "Mankind! "hither come;—ye labour and are heavy leaden. England "rejects your claims; her Apoſtles of Freedom have bar-"tered for your rights: but I am mighty, and will ſave "you." What!—a penſion to the foe of Liberty?

It is propheſied, that Bedford-Houſe will yet become Equality-Houſe, where *Ca Ira* will be ſung with feſtive beauty. But what is there in the proſpect of ſuch a change, that can much perplex freemen. Exceſs of every kind, certainly accompanied the abolition of hereditary honours in France; but theſe exceſſes never yet have found, and I truſt never will find, advocates in the humane Engliſh. With indignation and horror, we reflect on the atrocities committed by the Cromwells and the Fairfaxes of the 16th century. That the recommiſſion of thoſe horrors may never enſanguine our plains, our united prayers implore thee, Oh God of Heaven! It is no part of the duty of man, to hurry a nation into war of any kind. But civil war is the ſavage ſcourge of nature. We do not apprehend Engliſhmen will ever delight in brutal anarchy. They are Mr.

† Virtue! Juſtice! Moderation! as her trident.

Burke's

Burke's dreams, not our diſloyalty that need alarm the monarch.

Perhaps, however, he does right to caution the Duke of Bedford againſt harpy flatterers and ſophiſtic admirers. The Duke's fortune is a rallying point, of no inconſiderable force. He is a potent object, and invites alike the jealouſy of the people and the crown. But the ſtate of politics and ſociety, wholly guarantees the moderate application of his vaſt power. He profeſſes to be a patriot: he may even be one. Like Mr. Burke, I have no perſonal acquaintance of his Grace. I am not of the number of thoſe who flatter or admire him. I have been told, that he is endowed with no inconſiderable mental powers. His parliamentary duty is not left wholly unperformed. He ſpeaks prettily enough, and, by application, may yet be a bold, ſage, and energetic orator. To his Grace, the maxim that "mere parſimony is not œconomy" is, I hear, not new. His friends ſay, he amplifies in the daily diſplay of a wiſe liberality. Selecting from the ſeveral claſſes of ſociety, worthy, though oppreſſed individuals, his ability to do good, is, we are told, exemplified in his diſtributions for their comfort. As a ſtateſman, he can only deſire to effect every poſſible good change in the bad parts of our government, our laws, our moral and religious manners. Short of this, any object would be both criminal and ignoble; more than this, prudent men will not require. No man, poſſeſſing his Grace's fortune, would riſk the tranquillity of that ſtate, on whoſe conſtitutional ſafety the durability of that fortune depends. I am certain, my country-

men's notions of deſcended right differ from thoſe Mr. Burke deſcribes. Every Briton knows, that property in the hands of individuals, if juſtly acquired, nay, if at all recognized by law, as *his*, *hers*, *or theirs*, ought to be held ſacred from violence. The Duke of Bedford's annual income, whether derived from landed or perſonal property, while circulating through an immenſity of channels, from him to ſociety, and from ſociety to the national coffers, cannot greatly abridge our general means of happineſs. And while life circulates through Britiſh veins, I truſt no *unprincipled* aſſumption of ſecular right will ever diſtain our annals. The property of the Duke of Bedford, yea, even that of George Roſe, will be reſpected by us. Than fully my loyalty to my king, and love for my country, ſooner ſhall I ſeek the horrors of a grave. Nor do I on theſe premiſes ſtand alone. More than two thirds of my countrymen think with me. Whether the name of Bedford ſhall, or not, continue to illuſtrate the noble manſion of Bloomſbury Square, is perfectly immaterial; for, if by any conſtitutional act, that reſidence ſhould receive the appellation Mr. Burke ſo much dreads, it will only be the equality of mercy, of love, and of juſtice.

Men of feeling, men of integrity, thoſe who at all ſhare the generous paſſions that exalt the ſoul, abhor the tyranny which once deluged France. They can diſtinguiſh between the magnanimous virtues of the citizen, and the reſtive cupidity of the legiſlator. Nor are their views confined to the mean circle of their native land. The enquiring mind expands with the proſpect, and univerſal nature is embraced

with

with joy. Wherever man is found in trouble, or oppreſſed, there the philoſopher muſt ſhed a tear. The indiſcriminate comfort of his ſpecie occupies his thoughts. He pities the monarch: he deplores the clown. The one he would caution againſt flattery, the other he would intereſt in reſpectful contemplation of the laws of nature. Becauſe the monarch who ſpurns flattery muſt be juſt; and the peaſant who knows that thoſe laws, by and with which God regulates and ſupports the organized ſcheme of nature, recognizes the ſeveral orders of ſociety, will reſpect that juſtice; thus political ſubordinations, if actuated by principles of humanity, juſtice, and truth, are not only neceſſary to, indeed this in any ſtate of morality they are, but likewiſe inſeparable from general ſafety. Degrees of mental ſuperiority will cauſe degrees of political inferiority. Perfect equality is the certain prelude to perfect anarchy.

We err in giving preference to this form of government and the other. That form of government is good which affords ſecurity, peace, and plenty to the governed. In theory, the Turkiſh government may be a deſpotiſm, but what name would you give it, if its ſeveral members ſeverally enjoyed thoſe alone neceſſary advantages.

On the ſubject of legiſlative policy, the Engliſh have, however, long been devoted to particular ſentiments. Univerſal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments have their advocates; and perhaps thoſe the moſt enlightened men among us. In a publication which I have already quoted, I meet with an obſervation on this ſubject, and it is, I think, of peculiar beauty:

"Univerſal Sufferage," ſays our author, "can only mean "univerſal freedom: and annual parliaments muſt be to "this as annual revolution round the ſun, is to the earth "we inhabit—CONSERVATOR of LIFE, LIGHT, AND "BEAUTY."

Whether juſt or not, theſe ideas command ſome attention. It is certain, that all governments, if conſtructed on the *admitted* fundamental principles of legiſlation, will, in time, by their own operations, vitiate and corrupt themſelves. Originally, the Britiſh were governed by blind fate. To day, they were free; to-morrow, ſlaves. The introduction of arts and ſciences, the expanſion of the powers of reaſon, the liberalization of ſovereign princes at length broke the vale; where darkneſs once reigned, was now illumined by philoſophy and truth. The ſucceſſive neceſſities of the people, often impelled ſucceſſive changes in the form of government, and in the quality and the title of the governors; till what we call limited monarchy was ſchemed. This form is that under which (as ſome will have it) laws ſtill continue to be adminiſtered. But it is haſtening to the hereditary, and when it has been ſtamped with this, it will inevitably aſſume the deſpotic, form. To prevent this worſt of all calamities, and give ſplendour to virtue, muſt be the object of every good man's endeavours. But certainly, not that point at which Mr. Burke's views would terminate. He revolts at the claims of Freemen, and that King who would regulate his affections, conduct, or belief, by ſuch ſtandards, muſt ſoon looſe his crown, amidſt the acclamations of an indignant people.

They

They inſult the divinity of Heaven, who imagine *he* governs kingdoms, where only tyrants, and friends of tyrants, reign. Nor, can the miſery of mortals be pleaſing to him. God never could have intended man to be the executioner man. Involuntary death, impoſed under any preſſure, is both unnatural and unjuſt. Now, that code of laws, whoſe mildeſt *penal operation* is death, muſt be an unnatural and unjuſt code. The renovation of this mountainous evil, is one among the duties of a king. And, regardleſs of "looſe libels," of "the Leviathan among the "creatures of *corruption*" of a Young, a Sinclair, or a *Lynham*, the king of England *to eſtabliſh his throne*, will yet make that a duty of the firſt neceſſity.

Few, probably, conſider the urgent importance of this ſubject; even thoſe who deplore the culprit, may not always ruminate the law. Innumerable are the poſſible ways in which a humane and intelligent mind might argue, with apt efficiency, the conteſted advantages of a total abrogation of the laws that regard criminals. While agricultural ſpeculations are promoted, certainly a ſcheme for the reſtoration of convicted guilt to ſociety, may be countenanced. Waſte lands are to be cultivated, but neglected minds muſt waſte and decay, till their excreſſent weeds have laurelled the unhappy fugitive on a ſcaffold. It were well for us to conſider, how much we ſhould in the end gain by attention to ſeduced poverty. It were well for us to conſider, that robberies, inſtead of diminiſhing, increaſe with the extenſion of our annual executions; that, in ſhort, every kind of vice, is now currently practiſed;

and

and ſociety growing daily more and more invidious. This ſtate of ſociety then is portentuous of univerſal hanging; for poverty will preſently infect every opening mouth, and burglary, robbery, and murder, muſt enſue. Without an immediate renovation of the ſeveral parts of our Government, there ſoon will not be either judges to judge, or bailiffs to execute. The former, driven to the highway by hunger, will rob; and the latter, encouraged by a *lawful* example, will follow. Still predominating in a narrow circle, our Pitts, our Grenvilles, our Windhams, and our Roſes, will ſit in judgment, on theſe the preſent flatterers of their ſad proſpect!———

A proſpect which, however chequered with allegory, however deepened by the anticipated horrors of famine, however differept from every hitherto deſcribed ſcene, is nevertheleſs pictureſque of our actual condition.

I ſtill am aware, theſe reflections, however compatible with the immediate ſtate of morals and man, to many, will have the appearance of ſtrained and unnatural ſatire. It is, nevertheleſs, the pride of my heart, to feel, that I have faithfully ſummed up the evidence our daily habitudes, faſhions, virtues, vices, amuſements, and profeſſions, on this great queſtion afford. The aggregate vices and virtues of a community are to each other, as a mole is to a mountain. The virtues ſink, the vices preponderate. Ages have revolved, thus vibrated by the poiſon of life.

Every philoſopher of candour, every ſtateſman of philanthropy, even monarchs have acknowledged, nay endeavoured to ſubjugate, the cauſe. Than their attempts, nothing could

more

more readily gain admiration and applauſe: but, unhappily for ſociety, and the *immortality* of adventuring moraliſts, their exertions terminated with the acquiſition of praiſe. Wherever they had attained the approbation of cotemporary knaves, the ſum of moral evil was abandoned to the reſtive legiſlation of ſavage nature. They had diſcovered the ſource, whence the operative ſtimulus imbibed properties obnoxious to virtue; and this ſource was the throne. Aſſociated only to remove the errors, or decry the faults of others; they were but partially intereſted in the eradication of their own. Contented to receive the laurels of ignorance, their example, inſtead of reſcinding vice, immerſed ſociety in every venal paſſion. So that *their* humanity was hypocriſy; and their love of virtue, the fear of being perſecuted for their vices. True, indeed, ſcriptural authority qualifies the diſmal ſentence, ſaid to have been pronounced on man, at his declenſion from his originally elevated ſphere. We are told, that Eve's curioſity introduced ſin into the world, from which the faithful in Chriſt tell us, no man can be free. Than this, a better apology was never made for vice. So long as mankind content themſelves with the doctrine, ſo long will miſery be the reward of toil, and diſhonour the companion of temperance. Diſingenuouſneſs is the miniature counterpart of envy; and, whoever ſtruggles to ſubdue his paſſions, is firſt envied, then perſecuted, the always ultimate diſtinction being "he is "a madman." Indignant of the factious illiberality of ſordid theoriſts, I boldly aver, there never exiſted either man or woman, whoſe mind *naturally* contained the poiſon

of

of diſſimulation; but that this, as well as every other vice, is imbibed from affections both local and temporary. Perſuaded of the truth of this, I am not to be intimidated by thoſe, who urge the example of generation after generation, and people after people: the precedents hiſtory affords ſtrongly warrant my aſſertion; for hiſtory clearly diſcovers, that vice and virtue are ſecondary agents of natural or ſubverted reaſon. To the thinking faculty, perfection is natural. Nor is the conſtitution of the grand machine of nature againſt the argument: and, if rightly conſidered, it is even compatible with what are called ſcriptures.

Waving theſe auxiliary teſtimonies, all we have to do, conſiſts in candidly acknowledging the right of perſonal ſecurity and perſonal comfort. If at preſent theſe are not enjoyed, prudence ſhould dictate an immediate adoption of ſuch regulations as would ultimately procure them. Every ſubject of theſe kingdoms, by a fair diſtribution of the national purſe, might be raiſed to honourable independence. Now, however, a ſervile coincidence with the nod of power alone diſtinguiſhes the ſons of Briton. Mortifying condition! abject men!

I revolt at the doctrine of original ſin, becauſe it is thereby forbidden to ſeek perfection. Man may be perfect in all that is neceſſary for man to know; and this conſiſts in the knowledge of his dependence on the Deity, and abſolute equality, as to his fellow-men: theſe inculcate religion and morality!

By nature, we do ſometimes poſſeſs excluſive talents; yet the man, who can merely poliſh a piece of marble, by the direction

direction of an employer, if he does it rightly, is as perfect in his own ſphere, as the great ſtateſman or the great poet, is in his. So ſoon as the mechanic has completed his work, every ſtructure is perfect: imperfection being an abſtract idea of abſtract minds. The ſtructure is perfect with regard to the original, and after being deſtroyed or rebuilt, would be perfect with regard to the latteral framer. This even applies to a diſproportionate pillar: becauſe its being ſo, merely proves, that the architect did not rightly underſtand the principles of his art; yet, with regard to him, the pillar is *irregularly perfect*. However, as it is not my wiſh to enter upon a diſquiſition of ſubjects thus novel, I ſhall content myſelf with ſaying, that the poor inhabitants of St. Giles, immerſed as they are in every *apoſtate* vice, are capable of moral, religious, and political renovation. How, aſks the politician? How, continues the philoſopher? I anſwer; give them wholeſome food, decent clothes, and cleanly habitations; and with theſe advantages, they will, in a few years, emerge from the wretchedneſs of ſin; they will renovate their natures, and become worthy of their advantages; but now, by a perverſion of the principle, we perceive a continual abuſe of the practice of juſtice. Were ſuch a diſtribution, as our funds would admit, made annually; certain I am, that the whole of the vices, which now perplex humanity, would diſappear. Some people have aſked, how make the ſcavenger, how make the chimney-ſweeper, how make *ignorant* mechanics, of *every* deſcription, acquainted with the principles of legiſlation? To this I reply: Let every man in power be limited to a ſalary of

1000l. a year, *without patronage and without emoluments*; and every mechanic, every deſcription of perſons in the kingdom, will become acquainted with the principles of legiſlation. They will become acquainted with proſperity and peace, and theſe are the bleſſings of good government.

The ſecurity of the monarch demands an immediate change in the repreſentation of the ſubject; demands an inſtant compliance with the voice of reaſon. For although, it is probable, that monopoly of power may keep bad miniſters years in their place; yet a time will come, when even this power will deſtroy itſelf: a time will come, when its agents, corrupted by their vices, can no longer uphold the tottering fabric of the conſtitution: when hated anarchy will involve the nation in maſſacre and ruin. This time approaches; yes, it approaches, accompanied by all that is dreadful in nature; accompanied by the furies of diſappointment, of diſaffection, of blood, and rapine. It approaches yonder ſummit, with tyrant repugnance to order, to religion, to humanity, and virtue. The haughty ſons of ſloth, then, muſt yield paſſive ſway to the long oppreſſed ſubjects of the vale: then muſt diſſipation roll, perhaps, back to poverty, while the lately wretched ſoldier riots in the ſpoil. Houſes will totter againſt houſes, and man againſt man; the ſuckling babe, with an eagerneſs peculiar to infant nature, will cling to the breaſt of his murdered mother; while, endeavouring to reſcue the mewling infant, the father may be cruelly immolated. To complete the picture, the ſmiling infant is ſtabbed to the heart. Oh, King George! what horrors attend the revolutions of mankind.

kind. Reaſon is eſtranged, and the tears of ſympathy dried for a ſeaſon. Riſe then, my Sovereign! you are ſurrounded by the enemies of your crown.

Inſtead, of wild theory and unauthenticated ſtatements, Mr. Burke ought to have warned his ſovereign how much the delay of this neceſſary change of meaſures muſt endanger the peace of the nation, and the exiſtence of the crown; had he cautioned miniſters againſt perſeverance in a ſyſtem, which now verges to the bankruptcy of the ſtate; had he recollected, that the penſion he has received, was amaſſed, chiefly from the profits of a damnable traffic in his ſpecies,—from the Slave Trade! had he reflected on theſe things, inſtead of arrogant denunciations of every honeſt man, we ſhould have been felicitated, in receiving from his enlightened mind, maxims of juriſprudence, "worthy of himſelf and of his "cauſe." Edicts which, at preſent ſhock juſtice, being thus expunged, and our laws ſimplified, the guarantees of our credit would be torn for ever from the hollow embrace of ſhark-mouthed uſury. He, however, has choſen, on the contrary, to rivet the prejudices, and the vices of a party. With him popery itſelf is a favourite theme of panegyric: the vices of Verſailles rank high in his eſteem. Prodigious dereliction of the cauſe of heaven!

Whatever involves the preſent and future glory of our race, intereſts the father of all mercy. Whatever is deſtructive of that glory, cannot fail to provoke his wrath; it therefore becomes us, to regard his laws as the ſure guides to everlaſting peace: the man who can ſacrifice his eternal

intereſts to momentary paſſion, robs himſelf of that which crowns may envy, but cannot beſtow. Had temperance of ſtyle, and impartiality of ſelection, been more attended to by Mr. Burke, while we reject his ſentiments, we muſt admire his wit. But it is the fate of paſſion to clogg reaſon, and an ill-guided zeal will frequently ſuperſede truth.

When America panted after liberty, Mr. Burke plead her cauſe; but now that America has inſpired France with that paſſion, our philoſopher trembles for the ſafety of crowns. But no, it is not their ſafety, it is an enthuſiaſm irritated by fear of change; it is the enthuſiaſm of a man who knows, that political juſtice has ſpurned his claims: it is the enthuſiaſm of a man, who can diſcover that a war, of which he has, in a great meaſure, been the cauſe, threatens Europe with republicaniſm; threatened with this, he is certain, that apoſtacy "will be trodden under the hoof of "a ſwiniſh multitude." He is likewiſe aware, that France will inſiſt on a participation of our trade; that England, by this war, will looſe her empire over the ocean. Theſe, indeed, are conſequences inſeparable from the iſſue of this unjuſt conteſt. The circulation of the wealth of the proſcribed clergy and nobility of France, has enriched Europe, particularly the northern nations; and America has profited much by our folly. This flux of money muſt produce competition, and the commerce of England cannot long ſurvive the acknowledgment of the French Republic. Theſe are among the advantages our mercantile ariſtocracy from this war will derive. The landed intereſt will again, be injured by the defalcations of trade. In ſhort, Mr.

Pitt,

Pitt and his coadjutors, have done that which innovators, theoriſts, jacobines, ſurveyors, chemiſts, geographers, and politicians could wiſh. It has haſtened the diſſolution of our national independence. The fountain of our credit begins to be exhauſted; yes, the Bank of England is threatened with ruin.

This mart of negotiation is now ſtagnated; a conſequence which has followed the unwiſe conduct of its directors. Some people, and thoſe too in oppoſition to miniſters, have endeavoured to vindicate this claſs of men. But how vindicate their ill-timed meaſures! Is it not obvious to the moſt common underſtanding, that the books of that company can always furniſh correct eſtimates of their yearly tranſactions! Furniſhed with this, was it not their duty to tell the Miniſter, in the early ſtages of his requiſition, "Sir, we have money, but not more than the cur-" rent neceſſities of trade, for the year, will demand." This they have not done, but, on the contrary, have violated the ſolemn functions of their office. They have ſacrificed the mercantile intereſts of the nation, and are impeachable in common with the miniſter.

It is argued, that propoſitions to purchaſe lotteries, that ſubſcriptions to each opening loan, that the continued ſplendour of private life, are demonſtrable of internal proſperity. Than this, nothing can be more inconcluſive. An ambitious individual may become competitor againſt a party of moneyed men, either for a loan or a lottery. But competition and poſſeſſion of property are eſſentially different. It is very apparent, the ſubſcribers to the laſt

loan,

loan, had the neceſſities of the nation demanded an immediate advance in caſh, could not furniſh the ſums they ſubſcribed for. Yet, it is argued, that competition is evincive of proſperity.

As to the continued ſplendour of private life, certainly individuals are not quite impoveriſhed by the war; but notwithſtanding they have as yet ſurvived its ravages, "continued ſplendour" in a country oppreſſed as England now is, muſt eventually embarraſs and contract private fortune. From the ſcullion to the monarch—from the cottage to the throne, things are moving in rapid ſucceſſion to decay. The arts, manufactures, trade, every thing may appear flouriſhing, but, in political calculations, the hard-working portion of the community ranks the higheſt. For it is to them we look for intrepidity in war, and induſtry in peace. But we, by breaking the union of their hopes, lay waſte the ſoil where national independence can alone be nurtured. They know little of the ſtate of ſociety, who imagine that the prodigality of a Prince or a Duke, by encouraging the mechanic arts, lightens the burthens of working men. For, to enable thoſe debauchee innovators to roll in diſſipation, every working man in the kingdom is aſſeſſed. Their employers, likewiſe, impoſe all the weight of *their* prodigality upon them. While the men, who manufactured jewelery for a certain perſonage, were ſcrewed down to piece-meal-wages, and their children in want of bread, the pompous ſhopkeeper drove four in hand. Theſe then the benefits working men enjoy.

Nor

Nor is the unprecedented increaſe of buildings, in and about town, any proof of national proſperity—but the contrary.

Individuals, who have been innured to hard labour themſelves, and know how to exact it from others, deem ſpeculation in houſe-building a fair trade. I do not mean to queſtion the honeſty of their intentions, but, in general, the architect, carpenter, and maſon, have no ſooner finiſhed the tenement, than they become bankrupts. I have lately been aſſured by a gentleman of extenſive obſervation, that above 500 carpenters, architects, maſons, bricklayers and farmers, who not long ſince were maſters, in their ſeveral trades, are now day labourers in our fields. Perhaps they had each a wife, and their united families might conſiſt of 300 children. Here is an aggregate of 1300 human beings, hurried into miſery by an arrogant legiſlature, while an apoſtate individual wallows in the exuberance of their *charity*. The inſolvency of thoſe men was among the effects of the preſent war; yet Mr. Burke, with a majeſty, with an exultation that ſurfeits freedom, aſſures his countrymen, that the continuance of hoſtilities, is the only poſſible ſecurity for liberty, credit, and life.

Truly, the garrulity of old age has, in him, produced a kind of *hydrophthalmy*. If his words are the pictures of his thoughts, when he wrote his philippic againſt *Legendre*, his eyes muſt have been ready to leap out of their ſockets. Were I not ſomewhat acquainted with the elegance of the gentleman's addreſs, and his dignified manners in private life, it is probable I ſhould, on this occaſion, ſuppoſe Mr.

Burke

Burke had a rump of beef before him, at the time he wrote his "tallow in the cawl and on the kidneys!" But, with feelings becoming a man, I cannot follow him in the labyrinths of a *butchering* paſſion.

He tells us, he has laboured hard to preſerve the ariſtocracy of the country; he tells us, he has laboured hard to ſhelter the ſovereign from inſult; that he neither can rank himſelf on the ſide of the Correſponding Society, nor recommend Mr. Thelwall as a finiſher of the education of our youth. I pride too in declaring, that I have not, and never ſhall rank on the ſide of any particular ſociety or party; becauſe I know, parties in politics are bargainable wares. He will be ſurpriſed, perhaps, when I aſſure him likewiſe, that I have not yet read either his own controverſy with PAINE, or the book called the "Rights of Man." Without them I have learnt to value freedom. And I know that no man has a right to do what is wrong, but that every man has a right to do that which is right. I grant, it is not always eaſy to diſtinguiſh between right and wrong, yet theſe being the oſtenſible pillars of ſociety, certainly the many tedious ſophiſticated ſermons and orations, we hear in our pulpits and at our bars, merely to deſcribe them, are unneceſſary. Even Thelwall, contemptible as his abilities may be, if he can give any ſort of moral inſtruction, can ſurely teach better policy than pervades our law courts. All that law ought to mean, is contained under two heads—Reward and Puniſhment: the conviction of guilt, or exculpation of innocence, ought always to depend on the evidence. Were this the caſe, actions would be leſs numerous, and inſtead of

being

being 60 years at iſſue, would be decided in a few hours. Yet, to know this, it is not, I apprehend, neceſſary that our youth ſhould take their degrees at Mr. Thelwall's; he is but little acquainted with mankind, and, far from being qualified to teach others, is in want of being taught himſelf.

His Grace of Bedford knows too well, how much depends on a dignified exterior; and this alone will hinder the obtruſion of pedant-vanity. The conſtitution is not in danger from Thelwall and his pupils; the cauſe of the danger is regiſtered on the Journals of the Houſe of Lords.

What is augured concerning the ſubdiviſion of "the "fat Bedford levels," had its birth in paſſion, and, therefore, ſhrinks from reaſon. Not a man in the country, however republican in principles, but can deplore the abuſe of power by the National Convention of France; their example has, indelibly, impreſſed every Engliſh breaſt; and without ſuch examples, temperate men could calculate the probable conſequences of a revolution; but the confiſcation of the Duke of Bedford's, or any other *private* property, never once entered their minds. I care not what the form of the government is, provided the people enjoy a reaſonable means of ſubſiſtence. This is the object of the beſt form, and if it can be ſecured by any, that form, which ſecures it, is the beſt.

Mr. Burke knows theſe are our ſentiments; he knows we are Britons, and Britons never can be murderers. We are a generous people, and if nations feel the ſcourge, it is always directed by our rulers. The peaſant knows it, and

the mind being thus enlightened, Mr. Burke has reaſon to expect a general revolution in the affairs of mankind. Implicit confidence and unintelligible adoration belong not to mortals; theſe, therefore, muſt vaniſh. Even religion has been converted to the baſe purpoſe of a ſubterfuge for error; and we are told, that our calamities owe their origin to the biſhops. Of theſe I have already ſaid almoſt enough; they are a deſcription of hypocrites, among whom there ſtill are to be found many who thirſt after blood. Cowardly, from the nature of their office, they rouſe, in the boſoms of their hearers, a love of rapine. Tumult is the zenith of their ambition; the deſtruction of reaſon their ſole delight. Change, reform, innovate as you pleaſe; but if you do not annoy them in their ſcandalous poſſeſſions, they will pray fervently for your ſucceſs. The appearance of heatheniſm in France alone ſtimulated the fears, and provoked the anathemas of *our* churchmen. To them, jointly, with a few more, we are indebted for the preſent war. This is true, or miniſters have ſpoken falſely. Thus it has been called a war for the preſervation of religion—truly it is a glorious object!

To preſerve religion, we muſt lay tax upon tax, and levy them on thouſands, on whole communities together. To preſerve religion, we muſt ſlay millions; yet religion brings only peace and good will to all mankind. To preſerve religion, the loom muſt be abandoned, the plough forſaken, a people famiſhed, and their commerce ruined. To preſerve religion, liberty muſt be ſacrificed and tyranny raiſed on her altars;

altars: but theſe are Mr. Burke's ideas of the rights of man!

If he can be believed, they likewiſe were thoſe of the celebrated Keppel: that illuſtrious admiral, Mr. Burke thinks, would have kicked at liberty. What, are theſe the laurels he would raiſe over the brow of departed greatneſs! Fie upon it! the admiral both knew how to live, and how to die, virtuous. No man in his ſenſes can applaud the maſſacres of Paris, the Thuilleries, and Verſailles. No man, having one drop of generous blood in his veins, can exult in the triumphs of paſſion. Lord Keppel would have ſympathized with the monarch, while he gloried in a nation of freemen. Only ſuch men as Mr. Burke, can baſely ſtab a people, yet bleeding of their wounds. Only ſuch men as Mr. Burke would dare to aſſert, that Engliſhmen owe their liberties to the Houſe of Orange.—I declare that, when reading that aſſertion, I could not reſiſt emotions at once indignant and ſcornful: I even ſaid in my heart, "damn "the man;" but ſo ſoon as the mind aſſumed her natural ſerenity, the paſſions, whoſe alternate ſtruggles had cauſed that fervour, loſt their ſtrength—they wholly ſubſided, and the rude imprecation was dilated into the mild tear of milder pity. While I ſtate the truth, and hold characters up to nature, I muſt pity the miſtaken great.

Well then, DO WE OWE OUR LIBERTIES TO THE HOUSE OF ORANGE? NO! Liberty is the ſoul of nature, and the birth-right of man. In the abſtract, a nation revolving from an orderly to a diſorderly tyranny, may become indebted to individuals for the preſervation of her

trading liberty; but the conſolidated capital ſuffers neither dilapidation nor waſte. The ſtock is indented in the rock of time, and can only be diminiſhed in the wreck of worlds. Like the deſtination of kingdoms, liberty is regiſtered on the journals of heaven: God is the arbiter; the arch angel, the keeper of the ſeals. To the Deity, we owe it originally; to our own valour, latterly; our anceſtors fought for it, bled for it; and did we now baſely yield thoſe rights they ſo nobly defended, we ſhould rebel againſt the cauſe, the order, the object of our birth; we will not yield our liberties!

This has ever been the predominant ſpirit of my countrymen, and in the revolution of 1688, theſe ſpeculations were exemplified. Appoſite facts, authenticated by the hiſtorians of that and ſubſequent æras, corroborate my aſſertion; and that ſuch, who have not ſtudied our hiſtory, may be thoroughly acquainted with this ground of argument, I ſhall here capitulate a few of them.

Invited to the defence of the nation, William, Prince of Orange, attended by his free-booting army, landed on our coaſts in the winter of 1688. The arbitrary meaſures of King James II. had long been obnoxious to the majority of the peers; in their ſentiments, the people at that time readily concurred. Jefferies, Kirk, and ſome others, had perſecuted the moſt valuable men of the age to the ſcaffold; and in theſe bloody vices, James was proud to participate. The Proteſtants, too, were every where expelled from places of honour and truſt, and the Catholics promoted in their ſtead. As the jarring intereſts of the Orange party were cemented,

theſe meaſures grew every day more and more portentous. William had long ſecretly aſpired to the crown of Britain, nay, hoped to exclude James himſelf on his firſt acceſſion; notwithſtanding this, the diſcontents of the people alone produced that revolution which gave William a crown. On his landing in England, he probably expected to be met by the army of degraded James; but this monarch, imbicile as proud, in the contemplation of power, grew inſenſible to danger. Abandoning his country to an inſolent invader, ſpiritleſs and unhappy, he took refuge in France. His arrival in that country, which happened on the 25th of December, 1688, being announced in England, the Prince of Orange was declared king, by the title of William III.

A king thus crowned, without bloodſhed or victory, and adopted by the *free* choice of a triumphant people; how can it, with juſtice, be ſaid, we owe our liberties to his houſe? The right of electing a king, demonſtrates inherent liberty; it demonſtrates that the people are the *raiſers-up* and the *pullers-down* of thrones. The revolution of 1688 is concluſive on this point:—*it* demonſtrates that England, from being overgrown with popiſh errors, could ſpurn the yoke, and raiſe reaſon on the ruin; it demonſtrates that the majority of the nation, thus regained their vigour; that the Prince of Orange, had he come to conquer, not to *ſerve*, the people, muſt have yielded to their proweſs; it demonſtrates that the majority of the nation poſſeſſed, and knew how to uſe, the right of accepting or rejecting forms of government: and in the exerciſe of this right, they realized the pretenſions of the Prince of Orange. It was in the exerciſe

ercise of this right, they afterwards adopted the Brunswick line of the proscribed Stewart race. IN THE EXERCISE OF THIS RIGHT they may *always lawfully* repel the tyranny of power.

Far from endeavouring to preserve, the Prince of Orange, in every action of his life, sought to destroy, our liberties: preferring the cause of his Dutch household, the English were by him deprived of their estates and honours. Did no other event of his reign remain to illustrate his character, the Massacre of Glencoe is alone sufficient to evince the base cruelty of his heart. Men, innocent of any crime, except that of fighting under the banners of their lawful sovereign, were, on that occasion, unmercifully slaughtered by his orders. The French, of the present day, have sacrificed the lives of many to a mad love of liberty: but William III. that glorious beacon of Mr. Burke's kingly eye, laid waste this unoffending village; even infants were barbarously torn to pieces by his orders. Exalt, oh ye people, the humane memory of that *pious* king! Sing to the praise of Edmund and the Prince!—To the praise of a man who after the peace of Ryswick, in a conference with Louis XIV. of France, proposed to leave his crown to the son of James II. To the son of the tyrant who, a few years before, had been hurled from his polluted throne: yea, in inheritance to the heir of popery. But James, anticipating a change of fortune, shrunk from a proposition, which taught him to regard William as a lawful king. On this occasion, James's infatuation, not William's parental solicitude for the happiness of his subjects, saved England from the papal yoke. In addition to this

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piece of treachery, William, by his ſcheme for the reduction of the power of France, impoveriſhed this nation; inſomuch, that it was deemed impoſſible to pay off the principal of our then debt; in this conjuncture, the debt was funded, and we became ſaddled with its annual and primary evils. In a word, the ambition and avarice of William Prince of Orange, laid the foundation of England's ruin.——This foundation is that public debt; nor can the proſperity of ages redeem the principal. We in vain ſtrive to pay off, by little and little, the odd millions; for, if things continue in their preſent courſe, 400,000,000l. will remain to be liquidated at the end of the preſent war. This ſum far exceeds the fee ſimple, or *fair* market price of the whole iſland, ſo that we are at this moment a bankrupt nation.

The bankruptcy of the body politic is, however, of a peculiar nature, for, while the executive direction is embarraſſed, individuals, and even corporate bodies, may be ſolvent. The inſolvency of a nation literally is, A CUMBROUS ESTABLISHMENT TOTTERED TO PIECES. With regard to the people, this eſtabliſhment is ſometimes ſecular, ſometimes adventitious. Secular, if confined to the ſphere of its own immediate exiſtence: adventitious, if the duration of this exiſtence depends on the union of bodies out of that ſphere. Arguing from theſe premiſes, the legiſlative, as well as the executive, direction of this country, is both ſecular and adventitious. Becauſe the exertions of the majority of the firſt, are confined wholly to *their own* aggrandizement; while the power of the ſecond, as being under the *tutorage* of the firſt, is never exerted, but

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to give efficacy to their decrees. Of this, the conduct of Chancellor Pitt is demonstrative; he indeed reminds me of a story I heard told, when a boy: A Yorkshire farmer, who was curious in his breed of bulls, being in want of amusement, undertook to teach the most stupid and inanimate among them, to retreat, occasionally, to the extremity of a large field, and there roar with the vehemence of a brute in distress, till all the cows, bulls, asses, and mules in the neighbourhood came to his assistance. The bull, sagacious enough to act the part allotted to him by his master, perceiving they were all in the circle, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter: on observing this, a few of all sorts murmured, but the majority of asses in the field, being his daily associates, easily brayed them out of countenance. This sport continued for many months, but the cattle growing uniformly lean, at length murmured generally; for, in hastening to his assistance, they both lost their breath and left their pasturage to invaders. Being thus frequently disappointed, they one day united indiscriminately, and drove the bull and his master out of the field. The bull was indeed worried by the dogs in waiting; but the master got off, by seeming to plead the innocence of his intention. So fared the master, and so the bull.

A comparison which so well bears me out in my argument, is certainly not unworthy of the rank it holds. It may be deemed rude and unmannerly, thus to contradistinguish brutes and men. But if men will be savages, what is the difference between them and brutes? Merely this, the bull's passions are contained in a skin covered with strong

ſtrong black (or any other coloured) hair; thoſe of a man, under the fair ſkin of a wrathful boſom. Such the ſtate of morality, and theſe the bleſſings, the intailed bleſſings of the Houſe of Orange! Theſe the bleſſings Mr. Burke has claſſed under the ſignificant title:—"Founders of Liberty!" But we are awake to the dangers which ſurround us, we are awake to the ſophiſtry of apoſtate impudence, we are awake to our national dignity and national independence: it is time, it is high time, and to ſleep for one moment, may degrade us for ever.

Till now frivolity never formed any part of our national character, nor has it yet generally infected the actual props of ſociety; theſe are—the labouring poor! To them the throne owes its luſtre, the ſtar its ſplendour, they make the the garter, and are the pinions of the wheel of commerce. Conſidered as ſuch, who can reſiſt the ſighs of ſympathy? Who intermit a juſt ſolicitude for their welfare? Only thoſe who derive every beneſit in life, but never look to God. A few days ago, I viſited the brickfields in this neighbourhood, here I converſed with thoſe whom our men of *taſte* deem *unſentimental.* They have not read Fenelon, nor do they underſtand Livy, but they have read nature, and ſtudy her laws. They could generouſly acquit their ſovereign of any "*ill-deſign*" againſt their liberties, while the deſpot of Downing-Street ſhared their frowns. It was truly awful to hear them relate their ſufferings—"We come here," ſaid they, "at the dawn of day, and here we continue *at work*, "till the twilight of night: when we go home, fa- "tigue bears us down, but we muſt neither eat nor drink;

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" proviſions are ſo dear, and our children cry for bread.—" Pitt murders us by inches—but we love our king." Generous men! long may your king reign in your hearts, long may he ſway the ſceptre, and poſſeſs the crown. May his contemplations ſoon exhibit to his mind your ſorrows, and the crimes of his Miniſters; then the groaning nation will be lulled to peace.

Having thus contraſted exiſting circumſtances, and their probable reſults, having examined as well the moſt important parts of Mr. Burke's letter, as, curſorily, inveſtigated his libel on our liberties, I do not know that much now remains to be explored. What ſucceſs I may have had in confuting his captivating arguments, it is for others to determine. To his talents I have already bore cheerful teſtimony: I have now only to wiſh, I could as cheerfully bear teſtimony to his virtues. For me it is indeed painful to reproach any one, but to be compelled to tear the veil from the face of Genius, is of all duties the moſt painful. Oh, Mr. Burke, did you know how much the liberal admirers of conſummate eloquence, the admirers of elevating wit, the admirers of philoſophy and of virtue, condoled with you in your domeſtic ſufferings, you would not thus aggravate their ſorrows by your apoſtacy. Much as has been ſaid and written in reprobation of this political vice, much as the nation has exclaimed againſt your life, much as literature revolts againſt her child, did you inſtantly abandon *the deceivers of the country*, I too am now in a temper to embrace your portrait. You had Lord Keppel's before you, when you wrote your merited eulogium on his character. I have yours

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now under contemplation, and wiſh I could ſay—" Yonder " is Burke—as patriotic, as he is ſublime." But your ſun is ſet! An obvious dereliction of the cauſe of a generous nation, ſubmits you to public odium, which a peace with Regicide may yet immortalize.

THE END.